June 11, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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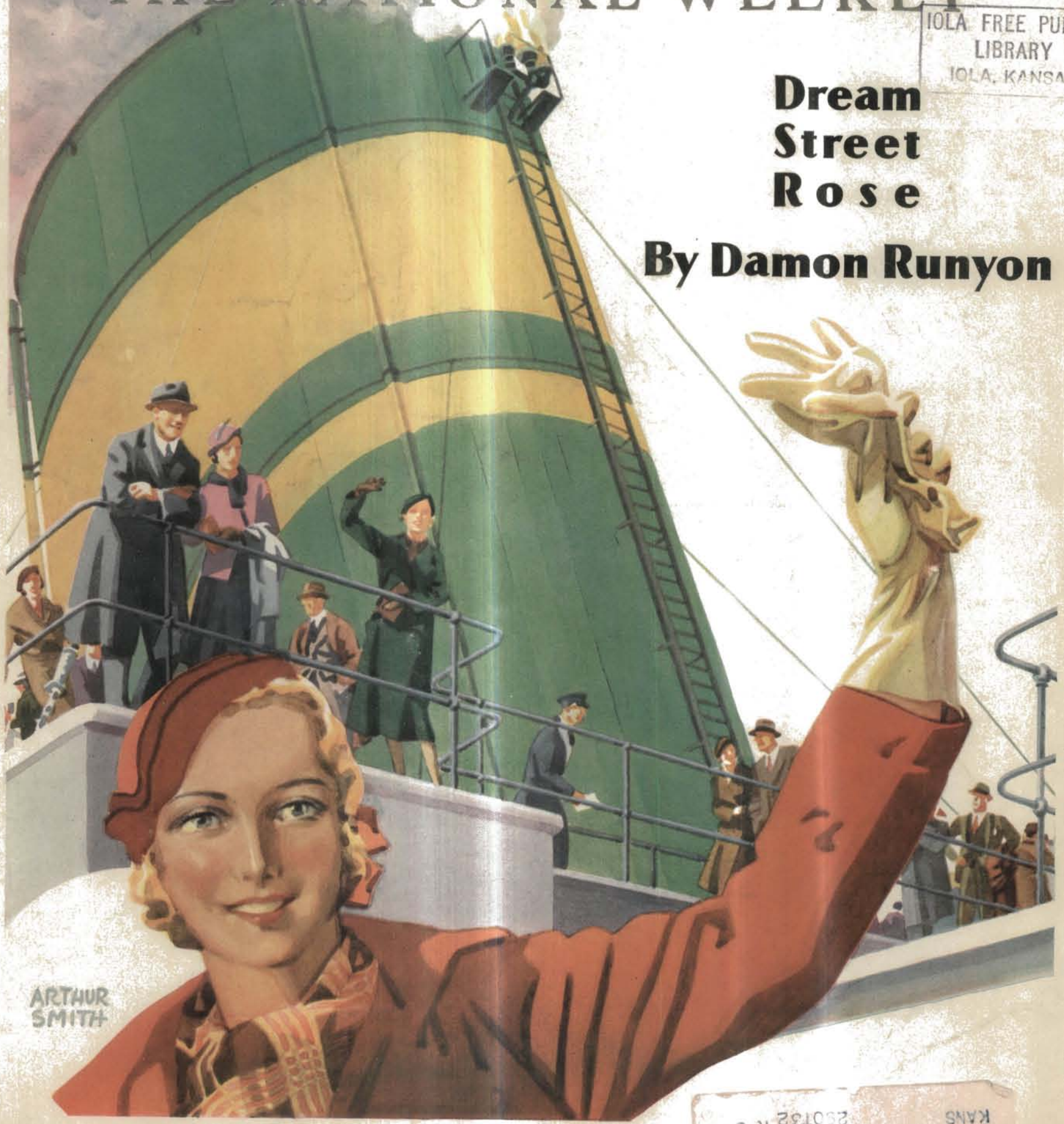
Dream Street Rose

By Damon Runyon



Zona Gale – Sax Rohmer – Lucian Ca… se

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JUNE 11, 1932

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with the new

TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF*

GASOLINE

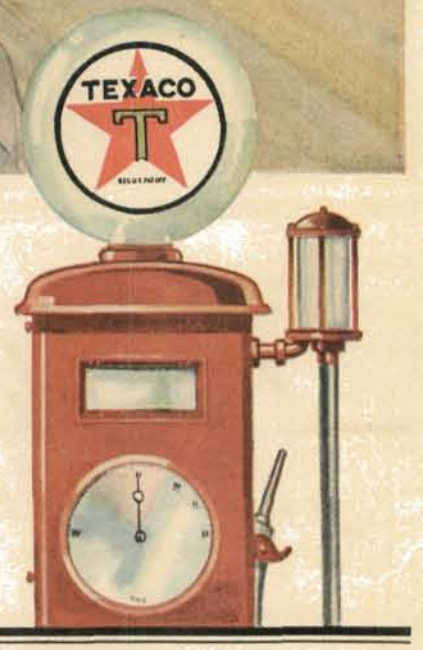
Shrieking sirens—the roar of a powerful engine—a red streak flashes by and she's on her way! There's power for you—real honest-to-goodness power—the kind of power you'd like to have right under your own accelerator!

Today you can have it. Not the fire engine, of course, nor the siren, nor the bell—but the very same power-gasoline which surpasses federal specifications for distillation range and vapor pressure.

Here's what Uncle Sam uses this type of gasoline for . . . "ambulances, fire-engines and emergency vehicles." What the Government uses for emergency equipment—you can now have for your own every-day use *at no extra price.*

Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline is an anti-knock gasoline with an Octane Rating that is outstanding. And remember, Texaco Fire-Chief *plus* Ethyl equals Texaco-Ethyl, now more than ever the leading premium gasoline.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*



The U. S. Government specifies for its emergency use

"... a grade of motor fuel which is suitable for ambulances, fire-engines, emergency vehicles, military and naval equipment."

(Excerpt from Federal Pamphlet VV-M-571, July 21, 1931)

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Developed for fire engines . . . . Yours at no extra price!

Tune in on ED WYNN, and the FIRE-CHIEF BAND, every Tuesday night. Coast to coast N.B.C.

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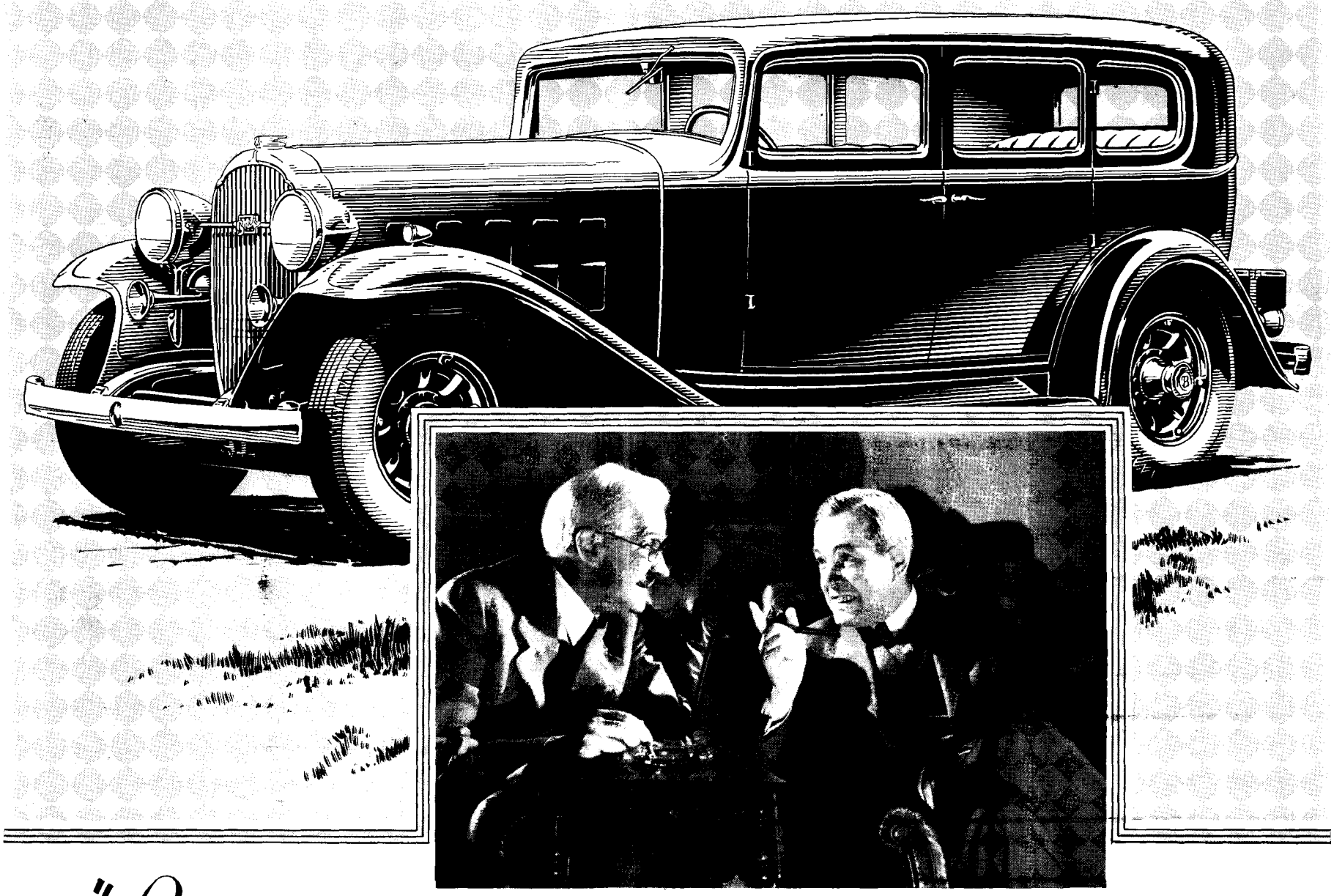
Buick MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



"Buick gives more and better miles . . ."

One fact, more than any other, comes to the minds of people the world over when they think of Buick—

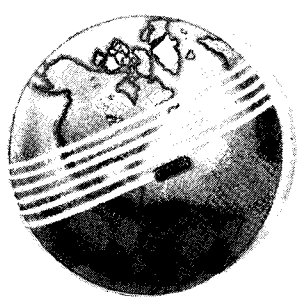
Buick gives more and better miles!

That is the *heart* of Buick's offering—and that is the *heart* of motor car value—*more and better miles.*

More miles—yes! Of the 2,600,000 Buicks produced during 28 years, more than 1,390,000 are in operation today—many having served for five, ten, even twenty years—until many people say, "What's 150,000 miles to a Buick?"

And *better* miles, too! Buick's great Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine carries you along swiftly, smoothly, powerfully. Buick's big, comfortable Bodies by Fisher provide plenty of room, to relax and enjoy your ride. Buick's Wizard Control—combining Automatic Clutch, Controlled Free Wheeling and Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh—makes driving effortless. And Buick's great rugged chassis is the last word in year-in-and-year-out reliability.

Fully half of all buyers of the thirteen eights in Buick's field choose Buick Eights—because they know that Buick gives more and better miles.



Actual records, over a long period of years, prove that a Buick is good for more than 150,000 miles of dependable transportation.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS STRAIGHT BUICK EIGHTS BODY BY FISHER

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

CAPTAIN AMBROSE VALENTINE (retired) is a bachelor. But only direct intervention of Providence has kept him so. For often, before he found quiet haven in Cobble Reef, the captain sailed a course perilously close to the shoals of matrimony.

There was, for instance, the time when he was engaged to Mamie Cook, who had blue eyes and a finer frame than any figurehead the captain had ever seen. Old Mr. Cook—who talked constantly of the days when he used to own a buggy—was planning to live with them. The captain considered that a drawback, but he was in such a terrible condition over Mamie that he would have "welcomed a horse mackerel, let alone this old Mr. Cook, if it'd been her papa."

Providence intervened—in the shape of Mr. Anderson, the diver, and Guinny Maninny and Shock Ornery (a Frenchman) and a cat that may have been domestic but certainly acted wild. And at the bottom of it all was "The Bravo." Booth Tarkington gives you a veracious account of the affair.

—

"HAVE you a 1935 model bathroom?" That's a question you may hear any time now. They are considering manufacturing bathrooms as replaceable units which can be taken out and exchanged as styles evolve—thus developing, we suppose, a used-bathroom market.

That's one of the minor innovations that are now incubating in laboratory retorts and ovens. Test tube in hand, John T. Flynn tells you about the exciting business of "Hatching the Future."

WHEN Mrs. Jim Karew, the beautiful widow of one of Chicago's notorious gangsters, got off the train in Hay City the village was practically knocked for a loop. She was, everyone agreed, "A Dangerous Woman," and that reputation very nearly cost her her life, as Tiah Devitt explains.

—

SUMMER news from the fashion front centers in a second American revolution. This time we are revolting against the tyranny of Paris fashions, and the flowers of independence are already ours. They are bright, comfortable, varied and cheap. Aimee Larkin shows them to you in "Summer Brightening."

—

EVERETT RHODES CASTLE contributes a bright story of blackmail in which a young woman with expressive purple eyes and a fine sense of justice rescues her fiancé from the clutches of Park Avenue.

—

ALAN LeMAY writes the short short story. Alice Nielsen continues the comedy of an artist's life in "Born to Sing." And Messrs. Rohmer and Wodehouse once more take you with them to the heights. So be prepared.

THIS WEEK

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DREAM STREET ROSE: Vengeance was hers.

Page 9—Alice Nielsen

BORN TO SING, Part I: The scintillating story of an artist's life.

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THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, Part VI: Shan in the affectionate clutches of Fah Lo Suee.

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THE GIRL TO MARRY: He found her in a dance hall.

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Expert counsel.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Assorted facts.

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TAKE AN AIR TRIP.

Any Week

"IF," WRITES Mr. Bill Kestler of Albuquerque, New Mexico, "Mr. Hoover has any political sense at all he will keep Congress in session as long as possible. If that Democratic House of Representatives keeps this up, he won't have to bother about campaigning."

AND just to get the subject off our minds, Mrs. Josephine L. McCurdy of Washington, D. C., bids us observe "the splendid control exercised over the majority in the House by its Democratic leaders."

"Talk," adds she, "about your hit-and-run drivers!"

—

FOR these many years, Mr. Louis C. Brody of Brooklyn, N. Y., informs us, he has been a virulent local baseball fan. But now he contemplates retiring and devoting his life to a song he has written: "You may have been a ball-player somewhere else, but you're only a Dodger in Brooklyn."

—

"MORE sea stories by this fellow Hurst," says Mrs. Morley Jones of Duluth, Minnesota, "won't make me mad. I want to congratulate you, too, upon letting up on a certain type of short story you were becoming addicted to. I enjoy a story of young love. But I do object to puppy love, and it is even worse when the puppies are mongrels."

—

WE REFUSE to believe that Mr. Leonard D. Peterson of Wilmette, Illinois, is sincere when he writes: "You have no right to mention the bonus unless you are for it."

—

AS MR. DON MORGENSTERN of Chicago was walking along LaSalle Street the other day an idea almost wrecked him.

"The scheme can't fail," he assures us. "I offer to sell advertising space in the Congressional Record, ten cents a line to all members of Congress for every blast of self-glorification, each senator and representative to pay for it out of his own pocket. It can't flop. Even if the gentlemen cut down the length of their speeches or limited themselves to one a month, look at the saving in paper and ink. We would have the old budget balanced in a week and plenty of money in the bank."

—

MRS. SARAH G. MOSELEY of Sharon, Massachusetts, accuses the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission of a lack of enterprise, novelty and originality. Its imagination goes no further than speech-making and parades, she says. "If it would only get out a good reliable recipe for Washington pie," she complains, "they would be doing something worth while in the name of the Father of Our Country."

—

Which reminds us it's time for lunch.

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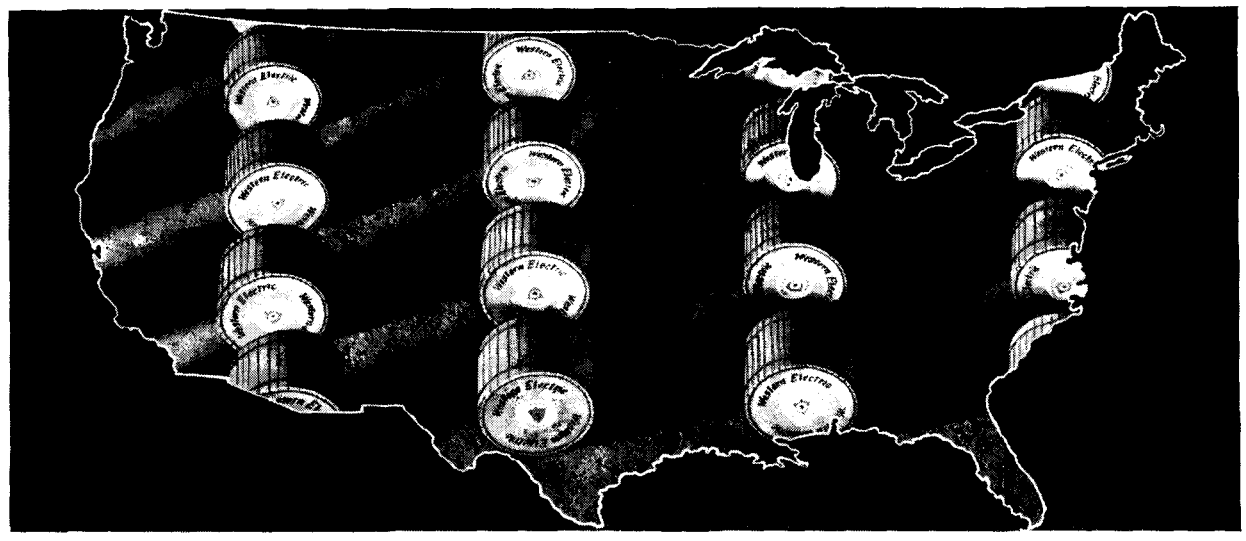

Western Electric covers the country with a service of telephone supply

The service back of telephone service

One reason why you can use your telephone at any hour of day or night, calling far or near, is the reliable *service of supply* that Western Electric renders the Bell System.

Facts About
Western Electric
Purchasers, Manufacturers, Distributors for the Bell System

At thirty-two warehouses located in important centers, Western Electric maintains stocks of telephone apparatus, cable and all other needed materials. These provide supplies for the regular replacement and expansion program of the telephone companies and also meet sudden demands following storm, fire or other emergency.

Western Electric is not only reliable in delivering supplies when and where wanted —it can be counted on to manufacture equipment of the uniformly high quality needed for reliable telephone service. Working closely with other divisions of the Bell System for more than fifty years, it has produced apparatus to meet the most exacting requirements for every telephone need.

Much of Western Electric's efficiency is explained by its close relation to its customers, the telephone companies, in the Bell System. All supplies conform to specifications uniform throughout the System.

All this contributes toward the realization of the Bell ideal—telephone service that grows better and better in quality, and at the same time wider and wider in range.

• *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* •

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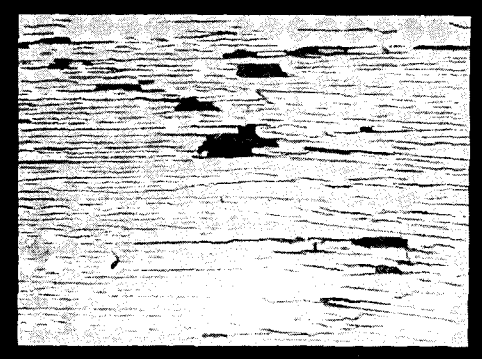
If a "cheap" paint job costs
$250 and lasts 2 years that's $125 a yr

If a Dutch Boy job costs
$270 and lasts 4 years* that's 67.50 a yr

Saving for 1 year 57.50
Saving for 4 years $230.00



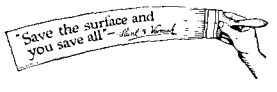
"CHEAP" PAINT...after 2 years. Note how it has cracked and scaled . . . protection is gone. Someone thought this paint was cheap!

DUTCH BOY . . . after 4 years. Except for some weathering, still in good shape and fully protecting surface. No cracking and scaling here!

*And most painters say it's good for 5 or 6 years

The mistake the user of "cheap" paint makes is in thinking of paint simply as a commodity instead of as a service. You can't judge a paint's real cost by the amount you pay per gallon or per job. It's the service it gives . . . the way it lasts . . . that counts.

FREE!—"The House We Live In". *More than a booklet of color schemes. Tells what to look for in a painting job . . . how to make your paint dollars go farther. Free . . . to property owners. Address Dept. K, care of nearest branch.*



A Dutch Boy paint job, for example, may cost slightly more than "cheap" paint in the beginning. It always costs less in the end. For in addition to the dollars and cents saving so graphically shown above, Dutch Boy effects another important economy. Dutch Boy does not crack or scale and therefore does not require burning and scraping, a very expensive operation, at repaint time. Dutch Boy grows old gracefully through gradual chalking. It actually *prepares itself* for repainting!

Next repaint time select an established painter and specify Dutch Boy White-Lead. A good painter, you know, is quite as essential as good paint. Using Dutch Boy White-Lead, he will mix the paint for the particular requirements of your job . . . even for the different exposure conditions encountered on the different sides of your house. And, as the paint is mixed to order, he can give you the *exact* colors you want.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY—111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak Street, Buffalo; 900 West 18th Street, Chicago; 659 Freeman Avenue, Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Avenue, Cleveland; 722 Chestnut Street, St. Louis; 2240 24th Street, San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street, Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building, Philadelphia.

PAINTERS IN EVERY

USE DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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"You will listen," she says. Good Time Charley is standing behind me, bending in an ear

The most peculiar romance of a lady who had her own interesting ideas on the subject of revenge

Dream Street Rose

By Damon Runyon

OF AN early evening when there is nothing much doing anywhere else, I go around to Good Time Charley's little speak in West Forty-seventh Street that he calls the Gingham Shoppe, and play a little klob with Charley, because business is quiet in the Gingham Shoppe at such an hour, and Charley gets very lonesome.

He once has a much livelier spot in Forty-eighth Street that he calls the Crystal Room, but one night a bunch of G-guys step into the joint and bust it wide open, besides confiscating all of Charley's stock of merchandise. It seems that these G-guys are members of a squad that comes on from Washington, and being strangers in the city they do not know that Good Time Charley's joint is not supposed to be busted up, so they go ahead and bust it, just the same as if it is any other joint.

Well, this action causes great indignation in many quarters, and a lot of citizens advise Charley to see somebody about it. But Charley says no. Charley says if this is the way the government is going to treat him after the way he walks himself bow-legged over in France with the Rainbow Division making the Germans hard to catch, why, all right. But he is not going to holler copper about it, although Charley says he has his own opinion of Mr. Hoover, at that.

PERSONALLY, I greatly admire Charley for taking the disaster so calmly, especially as it catches him with very few potatoes. Charley is a great hand for playing the horses with any dough he makes out of the Crystal Room, and this particular season the guys who play the horses are being murdered by the bookies all over the country, and are in terrible distress.

So I know if Charley is not plumb broke that he has a terrible crack across his belly, and I am not surprised that I do not see him for a couple of weeks after the government guys knock off the Crystal Room. I hear rumors that he is at home reading the newspapers very carefully every day, especially the obituary notices, for it seems that Charley figures that some of the G-guys may be tempted to take a belt or two at the merchandise they confiscate, and Charley says if they do, he is even for life.

Finally I hear that Charley is seen buying a bolt of gingham in Bloomington's one day, so I know he will be in action again very soon, for all Charley needs to go into action is a bolt of gingham and a few bottles of Golden Wedding. In fact, I know Charley to go into action without the gingham, but as a rule he likes to drape a place of business with gingham to make it seem more homelike to his customers, and I wish to say that when it comes to draping gingham, Charley can make a sucker of Joseph Urban, or anybody else.

Well, when I arrive at the Gingham Shoppe this night I am talking about, which is around ten o'clock, I find Charley in a very indignant state of mind, because an old tomato by the name of Dream Street Rose comes in and tracks up his floor, just after Charley gets through mopping it up, for Charley does his mopping in person, not being able as yet to afford any help.

ROSE is sitting at a table in a corner, paying no attention to Charley's remarks about wiping her feet on the Welcome mat at the door before she comes in, because Rose knows there is no Welcome mat at Charley's door, anyway, but I can see where Charley has a right to a few beefs, at that, as she leaves a trail of black hoofprints across the clean floor as if she is walking around in mud somewhere before she comes in, although I do not seem to remember that it is raining when I arrive.

Now this Dream Street Rose is an old doll of maybe fifty-odd, and is a very well-known character around and about, as she is wandering through the Forties for many a year, and especially through West Forty-seventh Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, and this block is called Dream Street. And the reason it is called Dream Street is because in this block are many characters of one kind and another who always seem to be dreaming of different matters.

In Dream Street there are many theatrical hotels, and rooming houses, and restaurants, and speaks, including Good Time Charley's Gingham Shoppe, and in the summer time the characters I mention sit on the stoops or lean against the railings along Dream Street, and the gab you hear sometimes sounds very dreamy indeed. In fact, it sometimes sounds very pipe-dreamy.

Many actors, male and female, and especially vaudeville actors, live in the hotels and rooming houses, and vaudeville actors, both male and female, are great hands for sitting around dreaming out loud about how they will practically assassinate the public in the Palace if ever they get a chance.

Furthermore, in Dream Street are always many handbookies and horse players, who sit on the church steps on the cool side of Dream Street in the summer and dream about big killings on the races, and there are also nearly always many fight managers, and sometimes fighters, hanging out in front of the restaurants, picking their teeth and dreaming about winning championships of the world, although up to this time no champion of the world has yet come out of Dream Street.

IN THIS street you see burlesque dolls, and hoofers, and guys who write songs, and saxophone players, and newsboys, and newspaper scribes, and taxi drivers, and blind guys, and midgets, and blondes with Pomeranian pooches, or maybe French poodles, and guys with whiskers, and night-club entertainers, and I do not know what all else. And all of these characters are interesting to look at, and some of them are very interesting to talk to, although if you listen to several I know long enough, you may get the idea that they are somewhat daffy, especially the horse players.

But personally I consider all horse players more or less daffy anyway. In fact, the way I look at it, if a guy is not daffy he will not be playing the horses.

Now this Dream Street Rose is a short, thickset, square-looking old doll, with a square pan, and square shoulders, and she has heavy iron-gray hair that she wears in a square bob, and she stands very square on her feet. In fact, Rose is the squarest-looking doll I ever see, and she is as strong and lively as Jim Londos, the wrestler. In

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Higginbottom catches up with them at the old Windsor Hotel and pokes a six-pistol against Frank's ribs

fact, Jim Londos will never be any better than six to five in my line over Dream Street Rose, if she is in any kind of shape.

NOBODY in this town wishes any truck with Rose if she has a few shots of grog in her, and especially Good Time Charley's grog, for she can fight like the dickens when she is grogged up. In fact, Rose holds many a decision in this town, especially over coppers, because if there is one thing she hates and despises more than somewhat it is a copper, as coppers are always heaving her into the old can when they find her jerking citizens around and cutting up other didoes.

For many years Rose works in the different hotels along Dream Street as a chambermaid. She never works in any one hotel very long, because the minute she gets a few bobs together she likes to go out and enjoy a little recreation, such as visiting around the speaks, although she is about as welcome in most speaks as a G-guy with a search warrant. You see, nobody can ever tell when Rose may feel like taking the speak apart, and also the customers.

She never has any trouble getting a job back in any hotel she ever works in, for Rose is a wonderful hand for making up beds, although several times, when she is in a hurry to get off, I hear she makes up beds with guests still in them, which causes a few mild beefs to the management, but does not bother Rose. I speak of this matter only to show you that she is a very quaint character indeed, and full of zest.

Well, I sit down to play klob with Good Time Charley, but about this time several customers come into the Gingham Shoppe, so Charley has to go and take care of them, leaving me alone. And while I am sitting there alone I hear Dream Street Rose mumbling to herself over in the corner, but I pay no attention to her, although I wish to say I am by no means unfriendly with Rose.

In fact, I say hello to her at all times, and am always very courteous to her, as I do not wish to have her bawling me out in public, and maybe circulating rumors about me, as she is apt to do if she feels I am snubbing her.

Finally I notice her motioning to me to come over to her table, and I go over at once and sit down, because I can see that Rose is well grogged up at this time, and I do not care to have her attracting my attention by chucking a cuspidor at me. She offers me a drink when I sit down, but of course I never drink anything that is sold in Good Time Charley's, as a personal favor to Charley. He says he wishes to retain my friendship.

So I just sit there saying nothing much whatever, and Rose keeps on mumbling to herself, and I am not able to make much of her mumbling, until finally she looks at me and says to me like this:

"I am now going to tell you about my friend," Rose says.

"Well, Rose," I say, "personally I do not care to hear about your friend, although," I say, "I have no doubt that what you wish to tell me about this friend is very interesting. But I am here to play a little klob with Good Time Charley, and I do not have time to hear about your friend."

"Charley is busy selling his poison to the suckers," Rose says. "I am now going to tell you about my friend. It is quite a story," she says. "You will listen."

So I listen.

IT IS a matter of thirty-five years ago [Dream Street Rose says] and the spot is a town in Colorado by the name of Pueblo, where there are smelters and one thing and another. My friend is at this time maybe sixteen or seventeen years old, and a first-class looker in every respect. Her papa is dead, and her mamma runs a boarding house for the guys who work in the smelters, and who are very hearty eaters. My friend deals them off the arm for the guys in her mamma's boarding house to save her mamma the expense of a waitress.

Now among the boarders in this boarding house are many guys who are always doing a little pitching to my friend, and trying to make dates with her to take her places, but my friend never gives them much of a tumble, because after she gets through dealing them off the arm all day her feet generally pain her too much to go anywhere on them except to the hay.

Finally, however, along comes a tall, skinny young guy from the East by the name of Frank something, who has things to say to my friend that are much more interesting than anything that has ever been said to her by a guy before, including such things as love and marriage, which are always very interesting subjects to any young doll.

This Frank is maybe twenty-five years old, and he comes from the East with the idea of making his fortune in the West, and while it is true that fortunes are being made in the West at this time, there is little chance that Frank is going to make any part of a fortune, as he does not care to work very hard. In fact, he does not care to work at all, being much more partial to playing a little poker, or shooting a few craps, or maybe hustling a sucker around Mike's pool room on Santa Fe Avenue, for Frank is an excellent pool player, especially when he is playing a sucker.

Now my friend is at this time a very innocent young doll, and a good doll in every respect, and her idea of love includes a nice little home, and children running here and there and around and about, and she never has a wrong thought in her life, and believes that everybody else in the world is like herself. And the chances are if this Frank does not happen along, my friend will marry a young guy in Pueblo by the name of Higginbottom, who is very fond of her indeed, and who is a decent young guy and afterwards makes plenty of potatoes in the grocery dodge.

But my friend goes very daffy over Frank and cannot see anybody but him, and the upshot of it all is she runs away with him one day to Denver, being dumb enough to believe that he means it when he tells her that he loves her and is going to marry her. Why Frank ever bothers with such a doll as my friend in the first place is always a great mystery to one and all, and the only way anybody can explain it is that she is young and fresh, and he is a heel at heart.

"Well, Rose," I say, "I am now commencing to see the finish of this story about your friend, and," I say, "it is such a story as anybody can hear in a speak at any time in this town, except," I say, "maybe your story is longer than somewhat. So I will now thank you, and excuse myself, and play a little klob with Good Time Charley."

"You will listen," Dream Street Rose says, looking me slap-dab in the eye.

So I listen.

MOREOVER, I notice now that Good Time Charley is standing behind me, bending in an ear, as it seems that his customers take the wind after a couple of slams of Good Time Charley's merchandise, a couple of slams being about all that even a very hardy customer can stand at one session.

Of course [Rose goes on] the chances are Frank never intends marrying my friend at all, and she never knows until long afterward that the reason he leads her to the parson is that the young guy from Pueblo by the name of Higginbottom catches up with them at the old Windsor Hotel where they are stopping and privately pokes a six-pistol against Frank's ribs and promises faithfully to come back and blow a hole in Frank you can throw a watermelon through if Frank tries any phenagling around with my friend.

Well, in practically no time whatever, love's young dream is over as far as my friend is concerned. This Frank turns out to be a most repulsive character indeed, especially if you are figuring him as an ever-loving husband. In fact, he is no good. He mistreats my friend in every way any guy ever thought of mistreating a doll, and besides the old established ways of mistreating a doll, Frank thinks up quite a number of new ways, being really quite ingenious in this respect.

Yes, this Frank is one hundred per cent heel.

It is not so much that he gives her a

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Born to Sing

She became famous. That was inevitable with a voice like hers. At least she thought so. She believed in her career even in the days when she was a penniless urchin, singing outside barrooms in Kansas City. But it was a rough road going up, and she met adventure in many forms before she attained her place among the great singers of the world and became the friend of Eleonora Duse and Victor Herbert and the idol of the public. Here she begins her story

By Alice Nielsen

MEL HUDSON was not beautiful, nor had his voice that sublime quality that gives archangels pause. Yet, many years after, when I returned to Kansas City to sing in three tongues to crowds that came out to hear, not a famous prima donna, but "that Nielsen child," I went alone one evening to where the old Coates Opera House had stood and, shivering in the little street where Mel, who owned the hall, had roared his orders to the dray drivers and me, I heard him bid me, beg me, beseech me to begone.

"Whoa, there. Hold them hosses. Now back her. Hold on, hold on a minute while I chase that Irish brat out from under them wheels, if she ain't there already. Whoa."

Thus to the drayman who had come lumbering from the railroad depot, his careening truck sagging under the weight of the scenery, props and huge, romantic boxes of a Tom show, or perhaps a Black Crook Company or an extravaganza of the Evangeline school. And then clumping hither and yon over the cobbles, his wooden leg banging the stones in nervous fury, he would address me. The chances were that he wouldn't at first see me, because by this time I would have sequestered my small self somewhere in the jumble of theatrical paraphernalia, hoping thus to become an accepted part of it. Otherwise I would let go the tail of the dray to which I had been clinging, and by skillful dodging—at which I had grown acrobatically adept, thanks to Mr. Hudson and the many others who were forever shooing me homeward—dance nimbly out of his reach.

"Gwan home now like a good child, you imp, and listen to me for the last time. Get away from them hosses and out from under them wheels before you're the death of all of us. Gwan now, your mother wants you, like a good girl."

"Aw, Mr. Hudson—just this once."

"'Just this once,'" Mr. Hudson would bawl in outraged appeal to the dray driver. "'Just this once.' Will you listen to her—the size of her? There isn't a day she ain't here with her 'Just this once.' Gwan on home now—you with no shoes or stockings in November. Hold them hosses and back in here while the brat's out there in the middle of the street making her monkey faces. Whoa, there."

Alice Nielsen, above, as Greta in The Singing Girl, and as Feodor in The Fortune Teller

Oh, yes, I could still hear the appeal of Mel Hudson, although the Coates Opera House had long since gone and he with it, although both were very much alive for me who had known and still love them. It may be that I do his harassed baritone injustice because I was to learn after listening to many songs and a thousand singers that the beautiful voice is the one you never cease to hear. I still hear Mel. I still smell his opera house because, in spite of him, I soon got into it by the stage door to inhale the reek of its coal-oil lamps and the hard mustiness of its never-swept corners.

Mr. Hudson Had His Troubles

Nevertheless, as I listen now to his peg-leg ghost I accuse him of inaccuracy. It might have been November but I was not without shoes and stockings, poor as we were. Mr. Hudson doubtless was too exasperated to notice that my shoes with their lovely brass toeplates were slung around my neck, the laces knotted together and my stockings stuffed inside. I was used to weather, hot or cold, and, as I remember it, my uncommon regard for my mother's lament—"Dear knows where the next pair'll be coming from at this rate"—prompted such conservation.

Naturally, Mr. Hudson, who also ran a hotel from which financially embarrassed patrons were forever departing by way of the rope fire escapes, could not always play Cerberus at his stage door. Therefore it was on one of these occasions that I eluded him and dodged into the enchanted hall to hide behind a woebegone pine-and-canvas tree until all the trappings of the latest extravaganza were inside and the truck had departed.

The place was gloomy and full of hollow echoes and rustling drafts. Here and there in the wings stood frightful papier-mâché goblins, their leering faces the more hideous for the grime collected in many dusty storehouses, a hundred shabby opera houses, through miles of back streets on careless trucks. In the weak light from two sickly kerosene lamps at the stage lip they might have terrorized me, had I not been armored with an imagination which excluded all but the glorious, the triumphal, the magnificent. The opera house rats, shrill with anger at the disturbance, sped back and forth, occasionally leaping from the stage into the orchestra pit, bowling over the music stands.

Bringing Down an Empty House

But what of it? I was eight years old—a tiny squirrel of a gamin who already was achieving a little fame in the streets of Kansas City as "that Nielsen child." What did I care for the cold, damp darkness of the littered stage, for the huge ghosts that inhabited it, for the eerie noises of old programs rustling in the drafts that slithered under the empty seats? At last I was on the stage. Alone? By no means. My imagination peopled it with handsome tenors who were to sing lovely appeals to my heart beneath the sad property trees (property trees indeed! Fragrant magnolias and cherry boughs to me). With a flick of my mind I produced an idolatrous chorus; this, you understand, being many years before I was to learn that choruses do not idolize prima donnas. And my blue young eyes were dazzled by the brilliant lights my imagination set ablaze, and the jewels and satins and white linen of the vast

(Continued on page 44)

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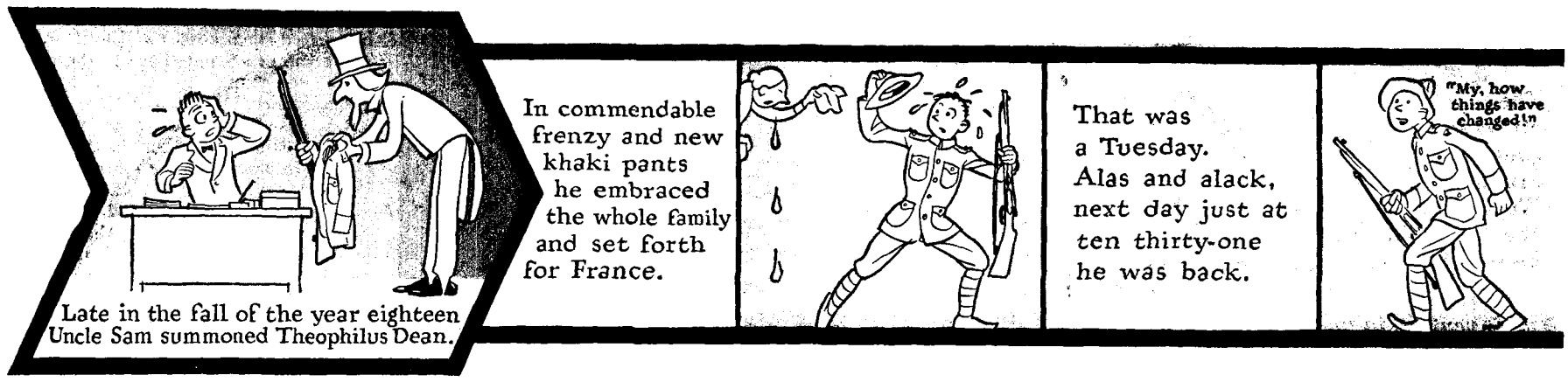

Late in the fall of the year eighteen Uncle Sam summoned Theophilus Dean.
In commendable frenzy and new khaki pants he embraced the whole family and set forth for France.
That was a Tuesday. Alas and alack, next day just at ten thirty-one he was back.
"My, how things have changed!"

But the Dead Don't

They have called him ingrate, panhandler, traitor to his country—and the veteran is puzzled and a little hurt. Sometimes he wonders what it's all about. Politics is the answer. The veteran has become a pawn in unscrupulous hands. Here one of them gives you the inside picture

IN 1917, when he marched forth to war, awkward and self-conscious in the uniform and the hysteria that enveloped him, he was a shining knight. This, please understand, was not his fault. He had few, if any, fixed pretensions. When bidden to fetch home a set of Hohenzollern ears for souvenirs he was prone to reply, "Sure, be looking for me at the depot." Or when exhorted not to stop an inch short of Unter den Linden, it pleased him to say "okay" and accept prepayment in flowers, kisses and candy from the ladies, and he-men grips and husky God-bless-yous from the gentlemen. Just an impromptu soldier upon whom, overnight, glory had descended. But yesterday he was a soda-jerker or a steel puddler or a student. What not.

None of the thoughts which were later to bother him were his then. He was a very young fellow who was hearing himself called blessed. The furor was too general and ceaseless and the scene and gospel were too variegated for all the adulation to go to his head. His letters from the training camps were apt to be a bit wistful and sentimental, but never heroic or bombastic. Just a lad in whose soul burned the common desire for power and glory and who now had both.

The police who once might have fanned him off the corner now called him buddy, which was not only pleasant but meet and right, because he was now the world's constable bound for the scene of disorder. Brand-new and brightly burnished young officers, striving manfully to assume a commanding mien and to reproduce the stance and arrogance of the old regular army sergeant who had trained them, addressed him hoarsely as "you men." The President of the United States took off his hat as the new hero passed by. Poets versified him. Prima donnas sang for him. The church blessed him and invoked divine aid upon his arms. And yesterday he was only Charlie Hoozis. Hyah, buddy, what outfit you from? Goin' to town? Know any gals? What do you hear? When do we move? Listen, our corporal says they ain't goin' to be any leaves granted because— It went like that in 1917.

In 1919 he came back, a little soberer, not quite so callow, somewhat stouter of body and soul. Considerably older, too, because it is experience, not years, that ages men.

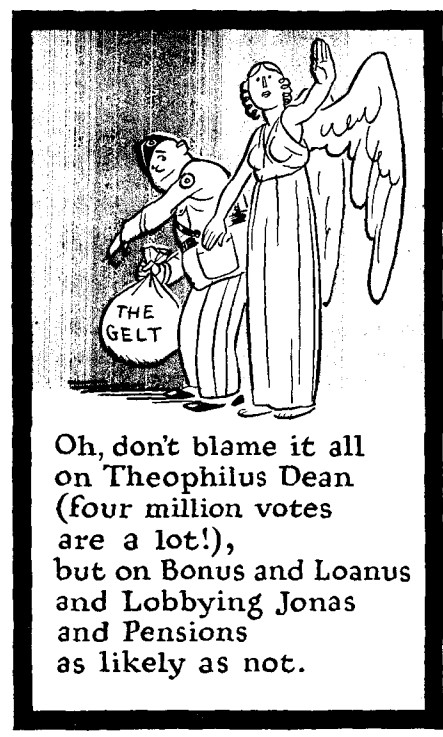
One has to be very young not to remember the frantic scene, the delirious welcome. Nothing was good enough for him. He was the country's—the world's—savior. The papers described his steady stride, his hard, lean, tanned face, his fine healthy grin that could not, however, conceal the new spirituality, the stern purpose and the acquaintance with grief that kindled his eyes.

To tell the blunt truth, the papers astonished him a bit by the things they said about him. That he was such an unearthly hero was news to him. Anyway, the government shook his hand, gave him sixty dollars and his carfare home and in a few days he was again in general circulation trying to pick up where he had left off in 1917. Looking for a job and chafing a bit without knowing why.

A Hero Without Demands

His old world had changed a lot. It is not so easy to "fall out" after a hitch or so in the Army and regulate your pace to the route step of the civilian mob, rustling chow for yourself and, perhaps, a couple more. In the Army you lived by ear, not wits. Three times a day the bugles played Soupy-Soupy-Soupy, and you ate heavy or knew why; and you never saw a waiter's check or a grocer's bill. Free monkey meat and goldfish and, in camp or back in the S. O. S., slum and gravy of a Sunday. Boy!

Now a remarkable thing about this soldier, and one that in the present tempest is wholly and unhappily overlooked, is that upon being demobilized, and for many months thereafter, he asked nothing more than an even break—a steady job with wages commensurate with the cost of living, and no favors. All in all, a simple, unassuming soul—as uncomplicated as his counterpart in the generation that has succeeded him.


THE GELT
Oh, don't blame it all on Theophilus Dean (four million votes are a lot!), but on Bonus and Loanus and Lobbying Jonas and Pensions as likely as not.

Incidentally and rather astonishingly, thirty million American boys and girls have arrived at the voting age since he went out in 1917. Something for politicians and others to think about—something as interesting as the fact that American veterans of the World War are dying today at the rate of eighty-eight every twenty-four hours. But let us get on without statistics as long as we can. It is easy to be actuarial and that is the customary style in which to set forth the veteran's story. But the accountant's figures are only a part of the tale.

The signatures on the Armistice manifesto were scarcely dry before a few of the leaders of the A. E. F. met with high purpose in Paris and launched what was to be the American Legion. In theory its purposes were largely social. The survivor of the World War would, because of his services, never be quite as other men. He would have tales to tell and tales to compare, machine guns and mademoiselles to recapture, shell holes and estaminets to reoccupy. The veteran's tongue at large may be a dinner-table curse, but in the sanctuary of his clubrooms where none but he might enter he could recount and retail without let or hindrance.

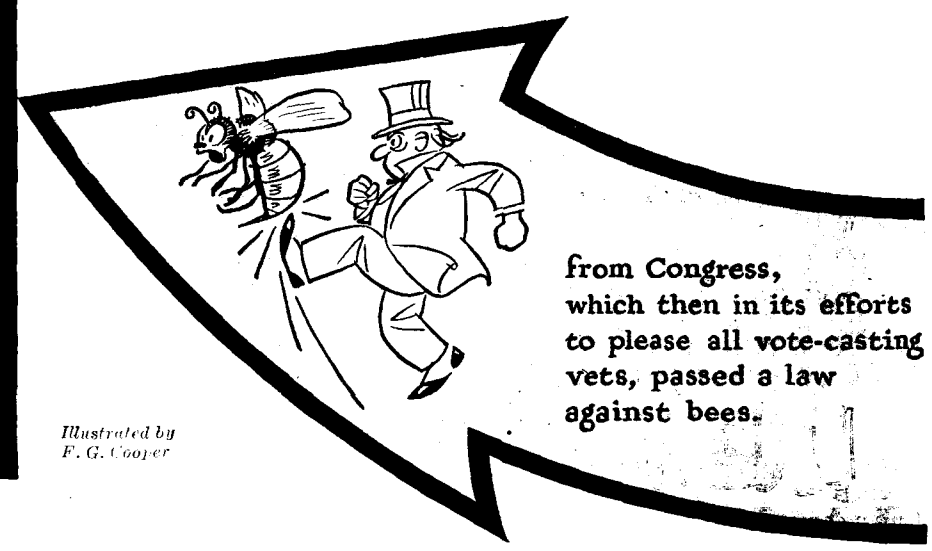
There were other inspirations behind the American Legion, although they were not taken so seriously. In 1919 the Red regicide had wrested Tsarist Russia from its purblind proprietors, had kidnapped the whole vast empire from the family of nations. And here and there elsewhere revolution had poked her bloody nose into the old order. White armies were forming to drive the Communist back into his hole. Perhaps other white armies would be required.

And so the white-army spirit inevitably entered the business of organizing the Legion. Here and there it has flared to the surface, but only locally, which is none of our affair here. Anyway, it was in the background where it belonged, while more human projects stood forth. The best of these was the determination that the dependents of those men who were killed in action might not want. The country must see to that. And then the comrades who survived, but whose legs, whose arms, whose lungs, whose minds were gone—they, too, must be taken care of. Not that there was a doubt but that Congress would agree immediately and generously. But thus, briefly, the inception and the general program of the greatest of the service men's organizations, the American Legion.

Taxpayers to the Rescue

And thus was born a modern Gargantua which threatens now to eat its own head off—a tax-consuming monster stuffed to immobility for political and other selfish reasons until its creator, Congress, can no longer support it. Like a man trying to maintain two domestic establishments on an income barely sufficient for one. And now that once gay adventurer—Congress—is asking its legitimate family—the taxpayer—to come to the rescue.

Our veteran, to repeat, returned from France a conquering hero. Turn to the newspapers of that period if you doubt the statement. It is interesting, if contrasts amuse you, to read what the same newspapers call him today. But the point we must keep in sight is that he came home demanding nothing that the



Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

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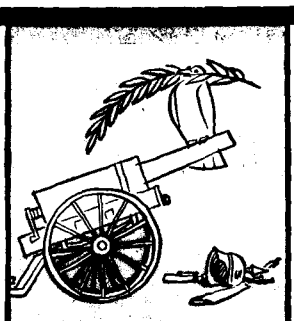
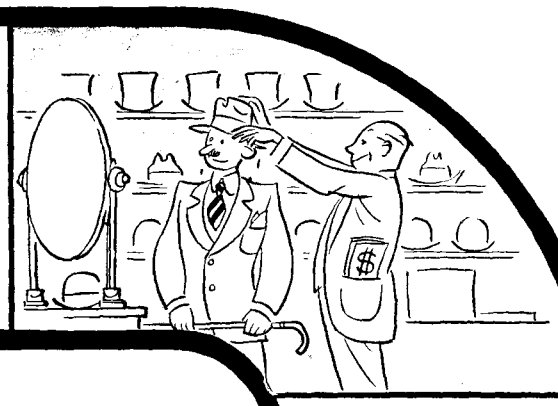
The war was all over; the guns had ceased drumming. (Very likely the enemy heard he was coming.)



Such being the case, with no Prussians to batter, he then opened a store called the I.X.L. Hattery. Got horribly rich selling derbies and caps and fedoras and toppers to better class chaps.



Vote

By Walter Davenport

Constitution did not guarantee him.

Today men who then called him brother call him panhandler. Editors who proclaimed him an avenging angel advise him that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Clergymen who extolled his sacrifice deplore his lack of pride—pride of accomplishment, of conquest, of nobility won with blood. Great industrialists and financiers who told him then that their future and his were in his young hands now implore him again to save his country, their country, by quitting his claims and stifling his cries. And so on.

The Old Army Game Again

All of which is pathetically unfair to the veteran—as unfair as the whole grotesque conduct of his postwar affairs has been. And one of the outstanding affronts to the dignity that should be the veteran's—that dignity that editors, clergymen, lawyers, business men and so forth were once wont to proclaim for him—is that the agency that did most to bring about the current farrago is now, in self-defense if nothing else, repudiating him. Its name is the American Legion.

To blame the veteran for parading Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington today, demanding that some way, any way, the government fund his bonus certificates twelve years in advance of their maturity date, is to indulge in the commonest and most unsportsmanlike of human pastimes—passing the buck. The veteran has his faults. He was never an angel. He wasn't accepted into the Army for his sweetness of temper or his gentleness of spirit. But he is as much to blame for demanding that the public treasury be turned over to him as the President of Liberia is for weak spots in the Mississippi levees. He is the victim of a propaganda that has descended to frank viciousness.

He has been exploited into his present temper by lobbyists seeking not only to hold their jobs but to consolidate their positions and power, by politicians whose highest aspiration is office, by lawyers who have made him their meal ticket, by demagogues who make a racket of mob incitement. He has been blackbirded to farm the cornfields of a thousand and one job-holders. His egotism has been blown to Zeppelin proportions by political organ-pumpers who have gone to the trouble to estimate, however true it may be, that each veteran represents two and a half votes.

It was quite natural, in 1920, that the American Legion, being well under way, should seek to demonstrate its worth to the veteran. Generously or otherwise, the government had taken a few dignified steps toward succoring the dependents of those soldiers and sailors who had lost their lives during the fighting months. Clumsily, but certainly, the maimed, the halt and the blind were being hospitalized and efforts, at least theoretical in operation, were being made to reconstruct those veterans who by fighting or disease had been rendered incapable of returning to their former peaceful pursuits. But there still remained the unimpaired veteran who, by good luck, advantageous post or belated arrival, had escaped injury.

The hateful name of the war profiteer was ringing over the world. And he was no myth nor creation of the demagogue. He strode the streets in his ill-fitting purple and fine linen. His cars spattered the still hiking veteran with mud and sometimes ran him down. He had made millions, could eat caviar with his knife, and the populace applauded him because he could pay for applause. In the meantime an industrial reaction was shutting down war-size machinery. Times were turning hard. There was plenty of war-made money in the country, but the veterans (particularly those who had not landed jobs) were innocent of it. So the orators started to get busy.

Between then and 1924 the American Legion devoted itself to agitating Congress to grant the veteran a bonus for his services. It was a beautiful fight that survived several major setbacks before achieving ultimate victory. Whatever practical virtues the bonus theory may have had is of no particular import here. As a recompense for the veteran's services, if such services must be put upon a purely material basis, the terms of the law passed in 1924 must seem inadequate.

If all idealism was to be cast aside and an equitable recompense voted, Congress should have adopted the radical demand of a small and somewhat shaggy element of the veterans who contended that an average of the ante-bellum earnings of the individual service men should be struck and each man reimbursed accordingly on a per diem basis. Unhappily the statistics offered by this little group have disappeared along with the group. They and it were hooted out of countenance and out of the picture. And yet, as some of the veterans recall it, the lump sum involved would have been less than what the government has spent thus far directly for the relief of the veteran and his dependents—$5,500,000,000.

Of course there were other radicals with even more vigorous ideas of what should be done. It is hardly worth while to review them. But one recalls with some concern the stillborn scheme to divest, by law, all war profiteers of their ugly winnings and turn them over to the fighting men. One is forced to agree that those schemes—particularly the latter—contained elements of impracticability. But that the bonus law, as finally passed by Congress, was a bit shy of heroic stature is clear.

An Avalanche Released

It provides, as you must know by now, that the veteran who had more than sixty days in uniform to his credit should receive one dollar a day for each day of home service and a dollar and twenty-five cents for each day overseas. The bounty was issued in the form of certificates—to mature in 1945. Against the retirement of these certificates in 1945 the government has been putting aside a hundred and twelve million dollars a year.

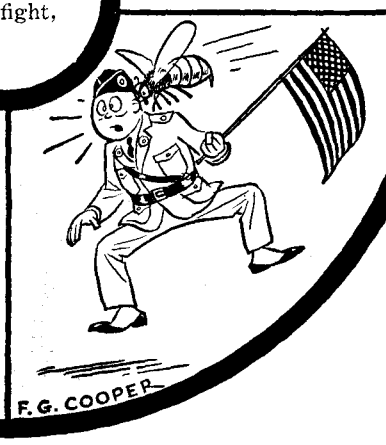
This victory (with its Pyrrhic aspects) released the avalanche. Since then, Congress, at the command of the veterans' organizations and lobbies, has made it almost impossible for a veteran to escape some sort of bounty, subsidy, patronage, gratuity or act of grace, whether he stopped a machine-gun bullet at the Marne or caught a cold at the first Dempsey-Tunney fight,

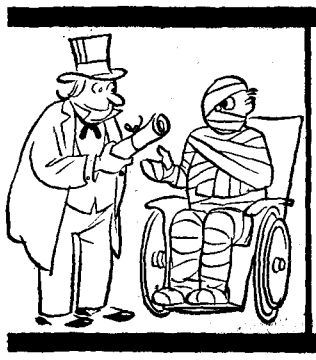
(Continued on page 46)

He joined twenty posts of American Legion, was known as the champion vet of the region.

To many his speeches were perfectly awful but say what you will, they were utterly lawful.

But one day while singing Oh Say Can You See at high noon on Main Street, he was struck by a bee.





He forthwith applied for a war hero's pension and got it, including an honorable mention

It jabbed him and stabbed him and some say it stung. (Theophilus claimed it built hives in his lung.)

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He ran into the wire and pulled up the posts to which the wires were attached.

Love and Laughter

What a man does in the cotton field is the bossman's business. What he does at home is his own—unless he throws an axe

IT TAKES a heap of work to make cotton but the people on Little Bee Bend plantation find time to live and love and laugh while they are making it.

Living is simple. A man has a family and a cabin. There is a vegetable garden and credit at the commissary for the necessities he cannot grow in the garden. He makes a crop of cotton and gives the bossman half for the use of the land, the mule and the implements. He usually gives the same bossman the other half, too, to pay the commissary bill. But he lives pretty well.

As for love, they love like everybody else. They begin it as soon as they are old enough and they quit when old age turns their thoughts from the succulent present to the vaguer images of the past.

And there is plenty to laugh about, too. If Brother, just getting to be a man, "feels out his strenk" by rubbing Buldickie's head with a currycomb, they laugh. If Giles, the big foreman, catches Buldickie riding on his double shovel and takes a stick to him for riding when he should be walking, they laugh. They laugh when a man quits his wife. And they laugh when a woman fools her husband.

But they didn't laugh when Mamie T. got married up with Roosevelt. Mamie T. was a fool but she was the best cotton chopper on the place. She was long-legged and had a touch of the Old Satan in her eyes. But she chopped cotton like a man, lifting her hoe high and striking with a sure, strong stroke.

NO, THEY didn't laugh when Mamie T. married. There was nothing to laugh at. Widow Duck, Buldickie's own mamma, thought it was entirely regular.

"I only wisht," Widow Duck told her son, "dat you plowed as careful as Rosy-velt do, and maybe some good hoe-hand would chop yo' cotton."

Buldickie chuckled. "Makes me no diffunce," he said. "Let her marry to her color turn white. God knows hit makes me no diffunce."

Widow Duck was shocked at her son's indifference. "God," she declared, "will change conditions. So say de Sperrit."

Roosevelt was just turning twenty and was making his first crop. It was understood that he would marry somebody during the year, so he was working fourteen acres instead of ten. But he shrewdly waited until his cotton actually needed chopping before he took on the expense of supporting a wife.

The courtship was brief. Roosevelt was plowing in his field. Mamie T. was chopping in her father's field, across the turnrow. Roosevelt watched her as she straddled one row and chopped on the next. Her long willowy body weaved in a continuous roll as she swung along, chopping with swift certainty. It was slow and lazy to watch but she certainly chopped a heap of cotton.

Roosevelt grinned his admiration for a moment and then he spoke.

"Baby," he called, "you sho' do swing dat old hoe good. Whyn't you swing hit in my field like dat?"

Mamie T. interrupted her work long enough to look over her shoulder. "I'm particular whar I swings my hoe at," she said.

"And I'm particular about who I lets swing they hoe in my field, too," Roosevelt told her. "Dat's how come I ask you."

They both grinned. That was Friday afternoon. They were married the following Sunday, and at sunup, Monday, Mamie T. began chopping cotton in Roosevelt's field.

From May until August cotton grows slowly and Johnson grass grows rapidly. There is a continuous fight to keep the grass from choking out the cotton. Each morning the rising sun found Roosevelt between the handles of his double shovel, waiting for daylight, and each morning Mamie T. waited, hoe poised, for enough light to distinguish cotton from grass.

In June the young stalks began to put out limbs, and in July the blooms came, dropping off the second day, and the little squares formed. The battle was not entirely won but the grass was finding it harder and harder to grow under the spreading stalks.

"Now," observed Roosevelt, "efn de boll weevils jest leave hit be, hit'll be a crop outn de world."

"Sho' will," agreed Mamie T. "Bale to de acre, I bet."

"Mo'n dat," estimated Roosevelt.

By the first of August the crop was "made." The stalks were more than waist-high and the limbs overlapped in the middles. The grass did not have a chance

GILES looked at the field. "Put up yo' plow, son," he ordered, "and turn yo' mule in de pasture. You done made yo'-se'f a crop er cotton."

Roosevelt grinned with pride, and Mamie T. heaved a tired sigh.

"Hit's jue time," she declared. "I swear to my achin' soul I done mighty nigh wore my old hoe out, I chopped hit so hard."

"I give you a new hoe, daughter," Giles said, " 'cause you ain't near done choppin' yit. You and Rosy-velt got to he'p Buldickie outn de grass."

"Buldickie in de grass?" Roosevelt asked.

Giles laughed heartily. "Is he in de grass?" he repeated. "Dat nigger is *so* in de grass dat de bossman tawkin' 'bout turnin' out de cotton and backin' up de hay baler!"

Roosevelt said nothing, but Mamie T. was frankly annoyed. "Now," she said, "us got to wage-chop dat lazy nigger outn de grass."

"You spoke de facks," Giles agreed. "So lemme see y'all in Buldickie's field at sunup tomorrow."

They went to Buldickie's field the next day, but not at sunup. "Wage-chopping" doesn't call for such industry. When a man works his own crop every minute of daylight is used, and the odd jobs about the house are neglected. But the wage system operates differently. The wages are abstract. A man gets a dollar a day and a woman gets seventy-five cents—in theory. Actually, Roosevelt and Mamie T. were credited with a dollar-six-bits on their account at the commissary, and Buldickie's account was charged with a like amount. The settlement finally is made when the cotton is sold, but then everybody has money and a dollar-six-bits more or less means nothing.

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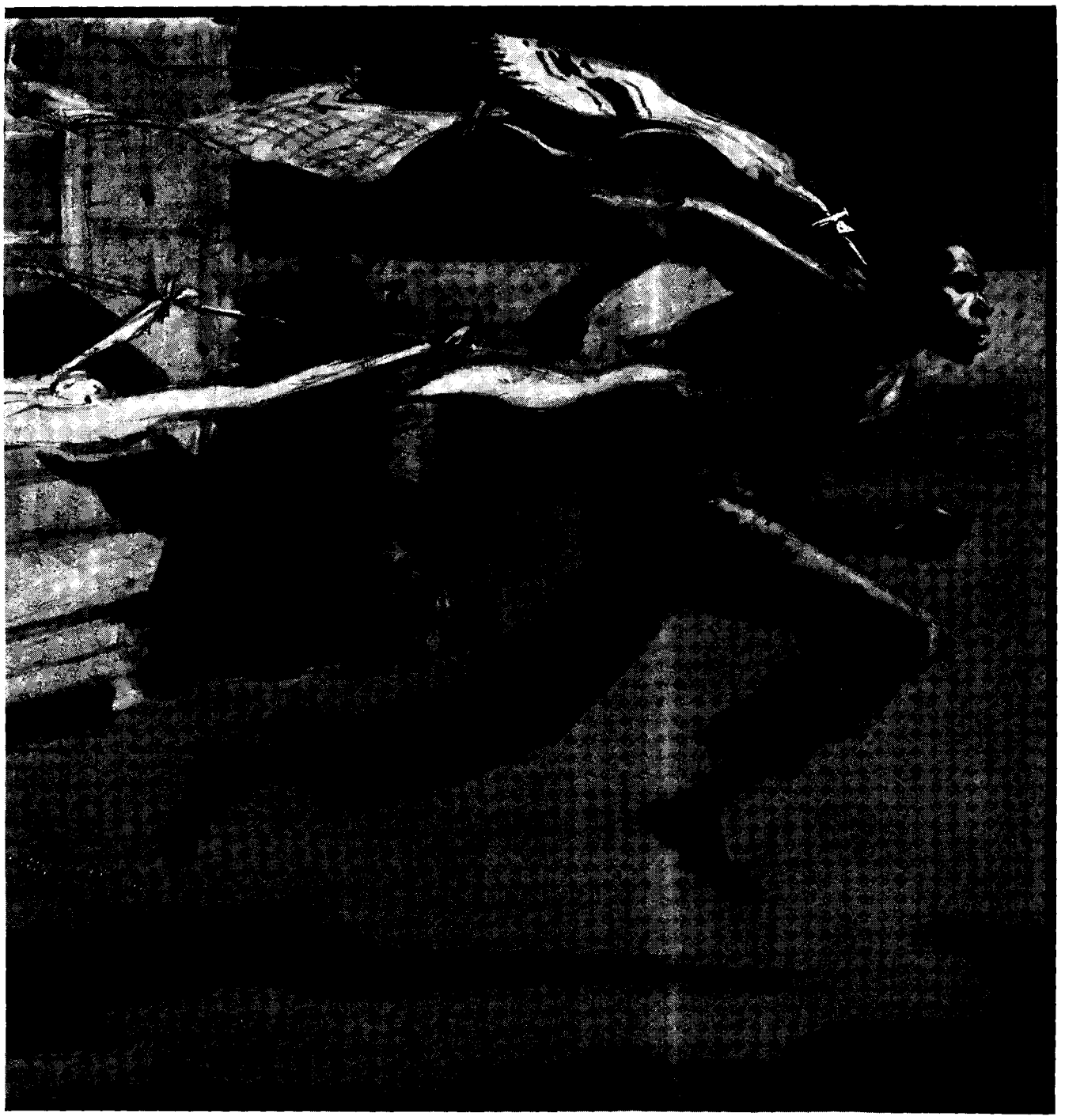

He kept straight out through the cotton field—Roosevelt's prize cotton field

Illustrated by Harry Burne

By Roark Bradford

So, before going to Buldickie's field that morning Mamie T. decided to do some washing. And Roosevelt decided that his wife shouldn't hang the laundry on the garden fence at the side of the house. So while Mamie T. laundered, Roosevelt stretched a clothes wire across the yard back of the cabin. The sun was two hours high when they finally arrived at Buldickie's field.

BULDICKIE was plowing uncertainly. The grass was tall and thick, and the plow seemed only to scratch around it.

"Boy," laughed Roosevelt, "efn you gits a bale er anything offn dis field, hit'll be a bale er Johnson-grass hay."

"Makes me no diffunce," Buldickie grinned. "Dis old mule I'm plowin' say he likes hay more gooder den he do cotton, anyhow. Git-up, Hawk Eye, and le's git some tracks made before de bossman git out hyar and git to cussin' again."

Roosevelt worked listlessly. In his own field he worked steadily, but if Buldickie didn't worry about his own crop, Roosevelt certainly wasn't going to.

It was different with Mamie T. She was a natural cotton chopper and she did her work easily and well. She straddled a row and began rocking. The grass fell in the furrow. It was not long before she had left Roosevelt far behind.

Buldickie noticed how much faster Mamie T. worked than did Roosevelt and he had been intending to say something pleasant to her, anyway.

"Efn you chopped in my field," he told her, "I bet my crop would be more cleaner den Rosy-velt's."

"You kin 'efn' to de day you die," Mamie T. retorted, "but you can't 'efn' dis grass outn de field. Hit ain't nothin' but a flat eye-hoe kin tetch hit."

"And wid you swingin' dat hoe, too," Buldickie laughed. "'Cause, baby, you got de natchal lick!"

Mamie T. giggled. "Cluck dat old jackass on down de row," she suggested, "'cause God knows I ain't got no time to argy wid you."

Buldickie stopped his plow and leaned against the handles. "You come hyar and cluck him, baby," he said.

"Humph!" snorted Mamie T., and she went back to her indefatigable chopping.

Late that afternoon, Buldickie essayed a little song. He sang it apparently to his mule, and the words were harmless enough:

"Wawkin' is so lonesome, Lawdy,
And my mule he wawks so slow.
I wisht I was up in Shrevepo't,
Or had some yuther place to go."

Mamie T. heard the song, but she did not turn her head. Roosevelt heard it, stopped in his tracks, thought a minute, and then resumed his work.

AS THE days rolled by, more and more of the croppers came to help Buldickie out of the grass, and each additional wage-hand had a new joke to make about Buldickie's grassy crop.

"I swear to my lonely soul," Widow Duck exclaimed, "efn dat boy was makin' a crop er hay in dis field, he couldn't do no better!" Everybody laughed.

"Makes me no diffunce," Buldickie said. "De bossman git ha'f er what I makes, hay *or* cotton, and de commissary git de yuther ha'f."

"God will change conditions," Widow Duck declared solemnly. "God will *dead* change conditions, son. Paul say, 'We sows in de spring and we reaps in de fall, and we got keep humpin' to git nothin' a-tall. So say de Sperrit.'"

Buldickie grinned and glanced quickly, insinuatingly, toward Mamie T. "You ain't jest sayin' hit, Mamma," he said.

Widow Duck saw the glance and she chuckled deep down in her stomach. "Now!" she exclaimed. "Well, all right! Son, yo' haid might be nappy but I *know* who is yo' pappy!"

BULDICKIE'S crop turned out only fair. The grass had stunted the growth of the cotton. There were plenty of blooms and squares, but not nearly as many as in Roosevelt's field.

Roosevelt called that fact to Mamie T.'s attention late one evening, after Buldickie's crop had been worked out.

"I got me de best crop ever growed on dis place, honey," he said, "and I got me dat kind er crop because I knows more about makin' cotton den any yuther man—bar nobody—on de place."

Mamie T. was only mildly interested. She was sitting on the front porch of the cabin, watching the field larks squabble and fight in the willows down on the bayou. "Un-hunh," she agreed. "You sho' has."

Roosevelt looked over the broad stretch of cotton fields, and sniffed. "One more crop like dis'n," he romanced, "and I bet de bossman'll run Giles off and make me de foreman in his place, 'cause I'm such a good worker."

A hawk flew straight into the covey of larks, scattering them in all directions. "Yeah," Mamie T. grunted. "You a good worker, Rosy-velt."

Roosevelt felt embarrassed in the presence of Mamie T. that evening. He did not understand it at all. He knew he was the best worker on Little Bee Bend, and a man who is the best worker where there is so much work going on ought to be able to hold his head up anywhere. He fumbled in his mind for the answer.

"Darlin'," he said, "you know I kin take a mule and a double shovel and do things to cotton which ain't nobody kin do." It was more a plea for understanding than a statement of fact.

MAMIE T. looked directly at Roosevelt a full minute before she said anything. In the early dusk of the evening Roosevelt could not see her lips draw tightly over her teeth and her big eyes narrow to tiny slits. He could not be certain whether there was pity or disgust in her words. "You de best man on de place, Rosy-velt, when you's in de field but who want to stay in de cotton field all time?"

Roosevelt sat about for half an hour. It grew quite dark and Mamie T. went to the kitchen and cooked supper. They ate, and Roosevelt returned to the porch while Mamie T. righted things in the kitchen.

When Mamie T. finished her dishes she came to the porch and sat down upon the floor. Presently the moon rose.

"Well," said Roosevelt, suddenly and quietly, "I b'lieve I'll go over on Bodcau and see my Aunt Scrappy. I been layin' off to go see her a long time, and I reckon I'll git over dat way tonight. I might do a little fishin', too. Dis cotton won't be opened for pickin' in mighty nigh a mont'. So long, Mamie T."

"So long, Rosy-velt," said Mamie T.

Roosevelt walked down to the turnrow

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Steak with Onions

Perhaps this story doesn't make sense—but what's that got to do with love?

By Lucian Cary

CYNTHIA MAINWARING was young, handsome, well brought up; and her family was not only rich but amiable.

As a girl she saw more of her parents than most children of the rich do. They were people who enjoyed life. Her father was a famous exponent of the dry fly. Her mother was an enthusiastic gardener and kept the place in the Berkshires in bloom from May to October.

Cynthia Mainwaring found the Junior League sort of thing a bore, and within a year or two after she came out she decided she couldn't stand it. She did not know what it was she wanted. She would have said she wanted something more exciting; or something more real.

She counted herself lucky, just when life had proved so dull, although puzzling, to meet the clique that is often considered to contain the most interesting people in New York—the one that gathers at Kate Lawton's studio in Fifty-seventh Street. Cynthia was surprised and pleased to find that these clever people liked her. She came very soon to spend most of her time with them.

Most of them had a good deal of money but they had to earn it. And their interests, aside from books and pictures and music and the theater, mostly took the form of reviving the games of their childhood. One year they revived anagrams and croquet. When anagrams swept the country they went to tiddledewinks.

Cynthia felt at home with them because of the games and because they did not make conversation. They always had something to talk about. And she was a little proud of knowing intimately so many gifted and famous people that her other friends did not know and never could know.

BUT one night she looked about Kate Lawton's studio, where so many of them were gathered, and was bored with them—all of them.

She had gone with them to the opening of a new play and most of them were talking about Pauline Lord and how effectively she had given them the illusion of a character who was quite balmy and utterly charming and tragic, without much help from the playwright. Oscar Bloomfield sat down at the piano. Cynthia knew that he would shortly play something from the new show he was writing; something that New York would not hear for weeks.

Cynthia slipped into the bedroom where she had left her wrap. Through an open door she could see the large, plump person of Alex Woodhull, in a tail coat, bending over a little table and writing, with pen and ink. Cynthia knew that Alex was jotting down notes on the play he had just left.

His review would appear in a leading newspaper. If she waited Alex would tell her the bright things he would leave out of his article and a few that he would put in. Cynthia agreed with the general opinion that he was the best gossip in New York. But tonight she did not wish to listen to him.

She walked quickly across one corner of the big room and into the hall. She shut the door quickly and quietly behind her and found herself face to face with Avery St. John.

HE TOOK both her hands in his before she could elude him. Avery St. John was the newest English playwright. He had conceived a slightly melodramatic passion for Cynthia.

"Loveliest one," he said, "you're not leaving?"

"Yes," Cynthia said, "I am."

He held her hands tightly, looking into her eyes as if he hoped to hypnotize her.

"Ah, Cynthia, if only you weren't so unawakened."

"But I am, you see, and besides I'm in a hurry."

He dropped her hands then. "It's only in America," he said bitterly, "that a woman could be so lovely and so incapable of love—so adorable and so cold."

Cynthia pushed past him, and ran down the one long flight of stairs.

"And even be proud of it," Avery St. John shouted after her.

CYNTHIA paused in the doorway. It was one of those warm, misty nights that come in March. The asphalt was wet and glistening. Her car was standing at the curb and her chauffeur stood beside the car, gazing up at Kate Lawton's open windows and listening. Passers-by were stopping to listen to Bloomfield. Blake did not see Cynthia until she was within a yard of him.

He opened the door for her with one quick motion.

"If you don't mind, Blake," she said, "I shall ride in front with you."

He walked around the car and tucked a robe around her knees. He got in beside her and started the car. He was a tall, grave young man whose shoulders looked broad and powerful in his chauffeur's livery. He wasn't handsome, she decided, as she had so often decided before, unless you called a man handsome merely because he had a good chin and the right sort of eyes, and looked strong.

"I—I'm not going home, Blake," she said. "Please drive out over the Queensboro Bridge—to some place where I can see the Sound."

He gave no sign that he was surprised. He said, "Yes, Miss Mainwaring."

CYNTHIA sat back and thought about Blake. Her father had hired him for her more than a year ago, a few months after that last fatal week in October, 1929. She had, she reflected, seen more of Blake than of any other man she knew in this last year, even though she had so rarely exchanged an unnecessary word with him.

Once, when she was taking two younger girls home to Long Island late at night after a débutante dance, Blake had dropped into first gear in order to go slowly over a stretch of badly broken pavement. Two men had jumped on the running boards, one on either side of the car, and ordered Blake to throw up his hands.

Cynthia remembered how suddenly and violently the car had lurched as Blake stepped on the gas. The man on the left had hung on long enough to fire two shots. When Cynthia shut her eyes she could still see the red flashes and hear the crashes of the explosions, with a little shower of broken glass that seemed to come long afterward, and smell the odd, acrid powder smoke that drifted back from the front compartment.

It was half an hour later, when Blake had got them safely home, that she saw blood dripping down his sleeve. Cynthia had driven him to the hospital herself. One bullet had gone through his arm.

She had tried to talk to him about it afterward, when the wound had healed and he could drive again.

"When you taste this steak," Cynthia said, "you'll feel better." "Yes," he said, "I'm sure I will"

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Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"Weren't you afraid, Blake?" she asked.

He had smiled. "Yes, Miss Mainwaring," he had said.

"You acted so instantly I don't believe you were afraid," she had said. "You acted as if you were used to being held to being shot at," he had replied.

She had thought about him a lot after that, wondering about him. He wouldn't talk. But she had learned things. Once she had surprised him, coming out of a shop unexpectedly to him, and found him reading a book. She asked him what he was reading.

"It's a technical book, Miss Mainwaring, about ores."

But though he would never talk, except to answer a direct question as briefly as possible, she knew he was aware of her as a woman. At least most of the time she knew that he was aware of her.

Blake drove out toward Huntington and into a street that ended at the water's edge and stopped the car.

"Is this what you wanted, Miss Mainwaring?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. She reached for the door handle. Blake jumped out and walked around the car and handed her down.

The headlights showed the water, and tiny waves running up a little way on the shingle, but they could penetrate the fog only a little way.

"Will you turn off the headlights, Blake?" she said.

HE TURNED the switch. Cynthia felt suddenly chilly in the dark, with the cold sound of the lapping water. She knew she wasn't cold. She was frightened. She forced herself to relax her grip on her cape and let it slide back on her shoulders.

Cynthia felt the cool mist on her face. She looked down at the water. Her eyes were growing used to the dark but she could hear the water on the shore rather than see it. She could feel Blake standing beside her.

Her hand touched his. He took her hand in his. They stood there for what seemed to her a long, long time. Then he took her in his arms. He kissed her. When he released her she put her head on his shoulder.

She knew now what she had not let herself know before. She knew why she was bored with the party at Kate Lawton's. She was hopelessly in love with Blake. She had been in love with him for weeks. She had deliberately planned to make him take her in his arms. She had hardly thought about anything else for days.

"I think," she said at last, "I think we had better go, John—unless you are going to kiss me again."

"I am not going to kiss you again," he said.

"Was it so much of a failure as all that?" she asked.

"No," he said, "you know it wasn't."

"But you don't really like me," she said lightly. She couldn't keep a note of triumph out of her voice. "Is that it?"

"At the moment I'm quite mad about you," he said. "But I haven't completely lost my head. I know that this won't do."

He turned on the lights of the car and held the door open for her. He had to back the car for fifty yards to get out of the dead end of the street and turn around.

"Of course," she said, as the car gathered speed, "I know that you haven't always been a chauffeur and that you don't intend to be one long."

"I am a chauffeur," he said, his eyes on the road. "I won't make love to my employer's daughter."

"But you did make love to her," Cynthia said.

"I did," he said. "But I won't."

HE SPOKE angrily. She was deeply delighted that he was angry. She was bound to make him angrier. She was bound to hurt him if she could.

"It would be sort of awful, wouldn't it?" she said. "I mean having it in all the papers. 'Cynthia Mainwaring elopes with chauffeur.'"

He said nothing at all. He stared straight ahead at the road.

"You're afraid of being thought a fortune hunter," she said.

"That isn't all there is to it."

"What else is there?"

"My way of life," he said. "It's true that I haven't always been a chauffeur. I've never been a chauffeur before. I've been a prospector and field man for mining companies. I fired myself from my last job. The depression came on. I couldn't get another job. I was pretty broke when your father hired me. I'm going back to prospecting, if I have to go on my own, as soon as I get a stake. I have had almost no expenses as a chauffeur. I've saved nearly all my wages. I've got nearly two thousand dollars. I'll be leaving in a few weeks."

"But," Cynthia said, "if you're going to quit being a chauffeur all your excuses vanish."

"Would you want a husband who went away for six months or a year at a time?"

"No," Cynthia said.

"That's what it would be like."

"You wouldn't take your wife with you?" Cynthia said.

"It isn't done. Sometimes it means living for months alone without ever seeing anybody—except natives. I worked once in Rhodesia for a year without seeing a white man. That sort of thing is too hard for a woman. I've never known but one woman who wasn't a nuisance under the circumstances."

"And you don't mean me," Cynthia said.

"I CAN'T imagine you living that sort of life," he said. "You're used to civilized things. And you're used to an amount of consideration and attention that wouldn't be there."

"How sure you are," she said. "How sure you are of what may and may not be done. You're the man of reason. You have feelings, but you will not let them get in your way. I can't imagine how I ever managed to lead you into doing anything so irrational as to kiss me."

He did not reply to that. When they reached the house she said, "Good night, Blake," in exactly the same tone she had always used in saying good night to him.

"Good night, Miss Mainwaring," he said.

Cynthia lay awake after she had gone to bed, remembering every moment, and what he had said and what she had said.

She knew what John Blake would do. He would treat her exactly as he had before he kissed her. He would pretend that it hadn't happened. Cynthia resolved not to be outdone. If he could pretend, she could pretend.

She managed outwardly to pretend very well indeed. She knew that she dressed every day for his benefit, choosing things she thought he would like her in. But he couldn't know that. She hunted the bookstores and the libraries for books on mining and prospecting. But he couldn't know that, either.

She came across his name once in a

(Continued on page 41)

Cynthia was pleased to find that these clever people liked her

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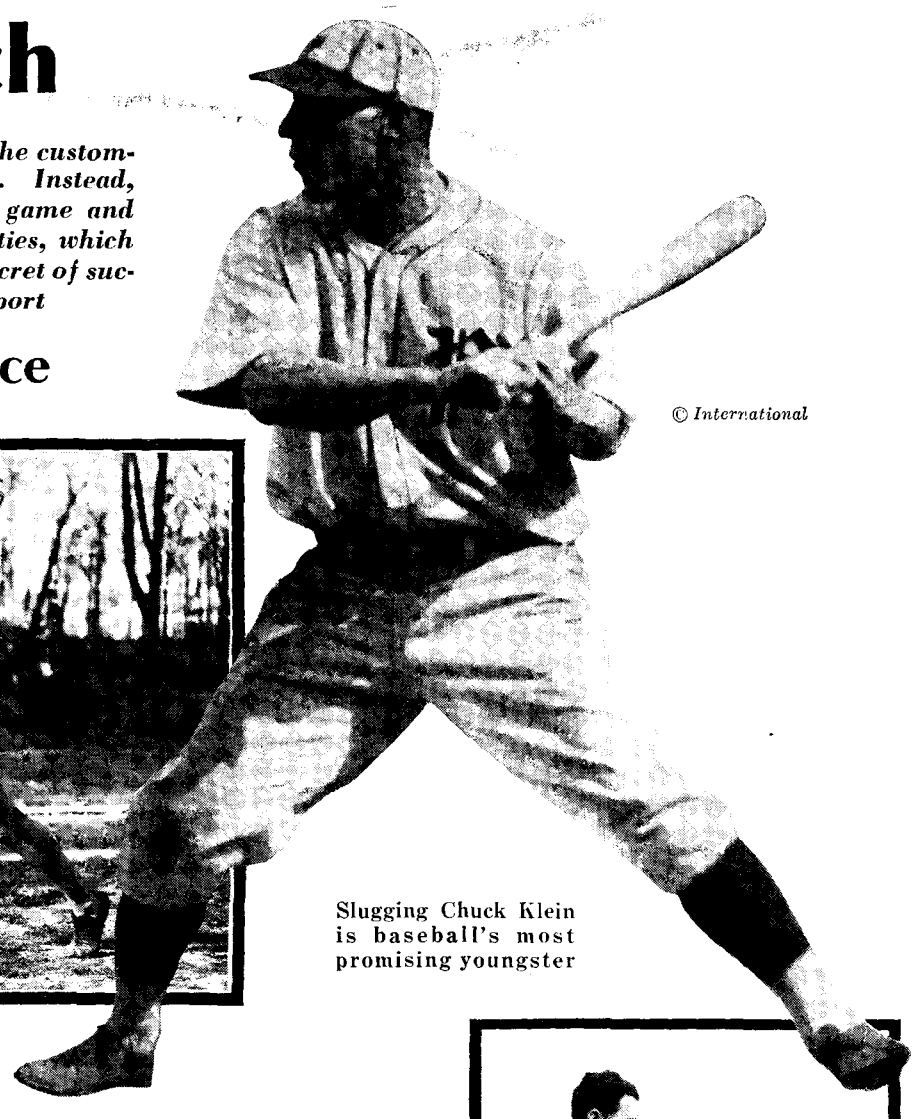
Top Notch

Joyce Wethered refused to accept the customary women's golf standard of 80. Instead, she made a careful study of the game and achieved a score in the low seventies, which usually is reserved for men. Her secret of success can be applied to any sport

By Grantland Rice

Gene Venzke's persistence made him the world's best miler



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Slugging Chuck Klein is baseball's most promising youngster

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Hard work made them champs: Max Schmeling and Bobby Jones

I WAS standing in the dugout with Burt Shotton, the Phillies' manager, when a broad-shouldered athlete stepped up to bat in practice. This ball player had a swing that combined both smoothness and power; it took no master mind to see that he was a great hitter. His name was Chuck Klein.

"I was appointed manager of the Phillies in 1928," Shotton said, "and in August of that year this young fellow from a truck farm joined our club. He had less than a year of Class B ball behind him. It didn't seem possible that he was ready, but there was one thing about him that impressed me at once. This was his keenness to learn, his willingness to work and the high standard he had set for himself from the start. There are so many in every game who are willing enough just to get by. Klein, however, had determined to be not only a great hitter, but also a star fielder.

"Today if there is any man in baseball who will finish up near the Cobb and Ruth class, it will be this same Chuck Klein. He is only twenty-five now and he has already had a great four-year record. I believe he will keep on getting better."

So many players in sport are content to ride along with the general average, unwilling to pay the price in time, thought and effort to reach the front. The future greats must do more than this. For example, there is a young golfer in Dallas, Texas, named Gus Moreland, who set out to get a sound swing, to equip himself with all the necessary fundamentals. When that was accomplished, he was no longer content to stay in the low seventies, which to most young golfers is more than satisfactory. While working on a steady improvement in form and style he also set his goal below 70, and it is surprising how many times he has beaten 70 over hard courses in the last year.

Moreland had won ten consecutive tournaments when he came to his first amateur championship at Chicago last fall. Outside of his own section he was practically an unknown. But while others were struggling to qualify, Moreland made a bold bid to win the qualifying medal. With 34 holes behind him in the 36-hole test, he had the medal almost in his grip when two fairly short putts hit the cup and hopped out on the two final greens. As it was, he finished in second place and it took one of the most brilliant rounds of the day to stop him at match play later on.

A Surprise for Stribling

Those who set high standards for themselves in sport go in on the attacking and not the defensive side. For example, Max Schmeling is practically the only heavyweight since Dempsey and Tunney who has shown keen ambition to keep improving. Schmeling is anxious to be recognized as one of the great heavyweights of all time before he is through. He showed remarkable improvement in his match against Stribling at Cleveland. The Southern fighter, after watching the Sharkey-Schmeling mix-up, was confident he could out-stab and out-box the black-haired German. But the improvement Schmeling had picked up within a year gave Stribling the shock of his life. Whether Max will be rated among the great heavyweights is a question that only time can settle. But that is the German's goal, and he is still young.

If one checks back on the stars of the past, it will be found that practically all of them set extremely high barriers to clear as they moved along.

Sixteen years ago I was playing in a four-ball match with Bobby Jones, Long Jim Barnes and the late Alex Smith. I mention the date because Bobby Jones at that time was just fourteen years old, at an age when most strong young boys would be quite content to drive 230 yards and break 85 occasionally. In playing a short hole, about 150 yards in length, Jones played a mashie shot to the green and the ball stopped hole-high about twenty feet to the right of the cup. Young Jones thumped the tee with the head of his club, an expression of disgust upon his face.

"What's the matter, kid?" Alex Smith said. "What's the kick?"

"I hit the ball badly in the first place," Bobby said, "and, in the second place, I ought to be closer to the pin."

It was upon that occasion that Jim Barnes made a prediction: "Bob Jones will be an outstanding champion in a few years. Why? He has a good golf swing, but there are a lot of young golfers with good swings. He has something else. You might call it the soul of an artist. He isn't satisfied with anything short of perfection."

Many have wagons, but few ever try to hitch them to their respective stars. The star appears to be too far away. Most competitors are quite content to keep the old wagon rambling along the road without sliding off into a ditch.

I recently asked Gene Venzke, Pottstown's celebrated miler: "When you started training for the mile, just what goal did you set? What time did you expect to make?"

"Most of the mile runners," he replied, "seemed to be pretty well satisfied to turn in 4:18 or 4:19, as that was usually fast enough to win. Frankly, I didn't know what I could do. But with Nurmi holding the world's record at 4:10⅖, I decided to set my goal at 4:10. I don't mean by that that I felt I was going to run a mile in 4:10. But that was the mark I aimed at. I knew that mark meant a lot of hard work."

The point that Venzke made was true. Anyone who sets human perfection or a world's record as the goal, and really means it, knows what he is facing up a long, rough road of preparation. It means something more than hard work on the physical side. It means constant concentration on details, a world of patience in the slow and steady correction of form, self-denial in food and drink.

Mathewson's Success Secret

Probably no pitcher in baseball ever set a higher standard than Christy Mathewson. When he came into the big league Matty was smart enough to know that control was a vital factor. It was not only a question of what a pitcher had, but how much he could get over the plate. Several young pitchers that season had about as much speed and as good curves as the rookie just out of Bucknell carried. But, like most young pitchers, they lacked control.

Mathewson soon understood that one of the secrets of high-class pitching was to know a batter's weakness and to be able to pitch to that weakness. This called for a close study of each man who faced him. It also called for a world of extra work, apart from the practice or play of the day. He told me once of the different types of targets he used and of the hours he had spent to achieve his uncanny control.

Even when Matty's arm was fading and his old speed had left, he was still a great pitcher through a combination of head, heart and control. But it was the early standard he set that brought him so much fame. Other pitchers have depended upon blinding speed, but when this gave out they had nothing left. No pitcher has ever given the exhibition that Bix Six handed out in 1905 when he shut out the slugging Athletics three times in a row, all within five days.

I asked Tommy Armour why Joyce Wethered had reached such a pinnacle in women's golf. "There are two reasons," he said. "In the first place, she has always had a fine natural swing. In the second place, she refused to accept the woman's standard of around 80. Miss Wethered set out to match the best standard of the best men players amateur or pro. She realized that golf was not a matter of great physical strength. She worked to develop the correct way of hitting a golf ball, and when that point is reached there is no reason why a woman should not play around 71 or 72. Only recently she played six consecutive rounds from the men's tees with an average of 72½ strokes for the six rounds."

It must be admitted that one must first be equipped with certain talents to reach a certain goal. But with the needed equipment, which many have, the next step is setting the standard and, working steadily in that direction, to come as close as possible to the selected goal.

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Fathoms Deep

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson

Then he dropped out. Days dragged interminably, and nothing was heard

CRAZY as a loon, he was, but you couldn't help loving him. Just an overgrown kid with a magnificent body, unruly blond hair, quizzical crow's-feet at the corners of his blue eyes and a manner which made you know that the world could go hang, but he'd make out very well indeed. Good stock, too; but if he was too impulsive, too impetuous and rather too confident of himself—those were virtues, not vices. Don Egerton was different.

His scheme was as wildly impossible and absurd as himself. He paced up and down the office. He made gestures. He said he could hardly wait to be off.

"Across the Pacific—alone—in an eighteen-foot boat!" I gasped. "It's suicide!"

"What of it—if I can't make it? Doesn't the Old Man make a slogan of the fact that he won't let his daughter marry poverty?"

"You said," I hinted darkly, "that you had bet thirty thousand dollars with Tommy Raines: where did you get that much money?"

"Nowhere," he answered. "I was clever. Minute we made the bet he suggested putting up certified checks. 'Never mind, old man,' said I nobly—'it's a gentleman's agreement. We'll shake hands on it.' And we did."

"But the ethics of it, Don: you've tricked Raines into betting thirty thousand dollars against nothing."

"THE reward is bigger than ethics," he maintained. "I realize I'm a scoundrel, but I'd be twice one if I passed up this chance for a grubstake. I'm flat broke—flatter than half a pancake. I'm here to borrow from you enough money to outfit the boat—and buy it, too, for that matter. My inheritance has gone the way of many a larger one—bad speculation." Then he became very, very serious: "I've got to make it. Doris' father loves the spectacular. When I reach Japan I'll be something of a hero. He'll regard my thirty thousand as chicken feed, but he'll know I have that much."

"And then?"

"And then I'll make out some way. I always have, haven't I? Besides, Doris will marry me, and once she does that, nothing else matters."

I tried to be severe. I criticized his morals and disparaged his methods. But Don was different, that's all: there's no other way of explaining it. Whatever he did was right simply because he did it, and there was something irresistibly splendid in the prospect of a young man—twenty-five only—embarking on a suicidal effort to achieve a goal which he felt could not be won any other way.

I endeavored to dissuade him. I threatened to betray him to Tommy Raines. I refused to lend him the money to finance his mad enterprise. In the end all my good resolves disappeared: I did not dissuade him, I did not betray him, and I did lend him the money.

"You'll never make it," I warned.

"And if I don't, the world will say, 'There went nothing,' and I'll agree."

"Darned fool!" I said.

"Correct! For once."

The daring adventure, the impressive wager, Don's social prominence and the undertone—generally understood—of romance, caught the public imagination. Nautical experts gave advice, small-craft wizards volunteered their services. They learned that they were not dealing with a novice.

DON was a grand sailor and as I watched him supervising work on his boat, shirt unbuttoned at the throat, blue eyes gazing out beyond the horizon, hair blown by the wind, I was reminded of the old Norsemen.

Newspapers and magazines carried hundreds of columns about him; rotogravure sections of Sunday newspapers printed intriguing pictures; he was offered a movie contract in the event he was successful; a great syndicate tried to sign him to write the story of his voyage. Manufacturers mounted the publicity bandwagon and sent materials—more or less useless—in great quantities, gratis. He received sixty-three offers of marriage. A philatelic society intrusted him with a batch of letters to be autographed in Japan and mailed from there—trophies for collectors.

Doris and the Old Man were down to see him off. So, too, was half of San Francisco and scores of newspaper men. Tommy Raines was there—grand sportsman—to wish him luck. The Old Man was proud and fearful. Doris was smiling. She disdained a last-minute appeal. She knew Don better than that. But as his little craft danced bravely into the sunset, its canvas taut in a quartering breeze, Doris' eyes held the light of tragedy; of fierce, helpless, hopeless tragedy which should not come to so young and beautiful a girl.

During the first three or four days Don was reported frequently by wireless. Then came an agonizing wait of more than a week, eight horrible days when columnists speculated about his fate—until a tramp steamer reported that he had halted them and borrowed fresh water to fill his tanks. In good health, reported the master of the tramp; good health and grand spirits.

THEN he dropped out. Days dragged interminably, and nothing was heard. We had known it would be that way, but the horror of uncertainty was not mitigated by our intelligence. Tommy Raines—wealthy and indolent and a good fellow—organized a party and chartered accommodations on a westbound steamer: he felt guilty, and wished Don success. Also, he wanted to be the first to congratulate the lad when—and if—he should succeed.

I sailed with Tommy's party. Doris and her Old Man were on board. Raines was game, Don was game—but Doris was superb. She was standing the strain like the little thoroughbred she was, but I thought then—and I think now—that no man has the right to be a hero if it means torturing the woman who loves him.

And they were all there to greet Don when he sailed proudly into the harbor of Kobe; bronzed and happy—but somehow thinner and older. He didn't talk much about his voyage—even in later years he was reluctant to discuss the typhoon he had weathered, the days when his water supply was low, the week when he was stricken with fever and could scarcely handle the tiller. The men who were in the front line during the World War have little to say about it.

That night Tommy Raines gave a banquet. We were all there—even Doris and her Old Man. Don looked gaunt and worn, but happy. He was sitting next to Doris.

Everybody tried to be light and gay. Tommy had written a check for thirty thousand dollars, and when he presented it to Don we all knew that he was glad he had lost. He wasn't the sort to enjoy gambling with human life.

Don rose and looked at us gravely. Then he tore the check to bits.

"Sorry, Tommy," he said. "I thought I could—but I can't. I didn't have a cent in the world when I made that bet. I couldn't have paid if I'd lost."

RAINES argued with him; insisted that he accept the money anyway. He maintained that Don had done what he set out to do and was entitled to the reward. No use. Don had always been a fine, clean lad and those endless days alone on the Pacific had given him the ability to see clear and straight.

I knew what it meant to him—this refusal to take the money. I knew how he needed it. I knew that Doris would beg him to marry her, just as she had begged him before he embarked on his crazy adventure. And I knew he would refuse.

In fact, I knew everything about everybody—except one person. I failed to take Doris' Old Man into account.

It was the Old Man who saw below the surface. It was the Old Man who called Don and Doris to him and insisted that they marry. It was the Old Man who understood—more clearly than any of us—that Don had done something more important than navigating the Pacific Ocean to win a bet.

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

INSPIRED by the world's most dangerous criminal—the mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu—Si-Fan, a powerful secret organization, is planning a world revolution. The plotters in order to further their cause, *must* gain possession of certain "sacred" relics which Sir Lionel Barton, noted Orientalist, has taken from the tomb of El Mokanna, the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassân." . . . In Ispahân, Dr. van Berg, a member of Sir Lionel's party, is murdered—while defending the relics. After which, Sir Lionel flees to Cairo, where (with Dr. Petrie, an old friend; Sir Denis Nayland Smith, once a Scotland Yard operative; Shan Greville, who tells the story, and his fiancée, Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's charming niece), he awaits developments.

In Cairo, Greville encounters Fah Lo Suee (known to the world as "Madame Ingomar")—Fu Manchu's daughter who for years has been madly in love with Greville.

Acting on impulse, Greville follows her. He enters a dark alley. . . . Hours later (following a period of unconsciousness) he awakens in a laboratory. Confronting him is Dr. Fu Manchu!

Fu Manchu speaks. "I have promised my daughter not to harm you," he says. "But I am determined to recover the relics of El Mokanna. You can help me." He produces a letter. "This," he announces blandly, "is a message from you to Rima. *You* wrote it, while under the influence of one of my numerous drugs. I shall now administer another drug. One small dose, and you are my slave—*must* obey my will absolutely." He forces Greville to take a hypodermic injection. The drug takes instant effect. Utterly devoid of will power, actually glad to do the master's bidding, Greville enters one of Fu Manchu's cars, drives to Shepheard's, and sends for Rima. The girl joins him. The car starts. And Rima finds herself speeding toward Fu Manchu—with a madman!

VI

I HAVE related what really happened on that night in Cairo in the proper order of those events—but in their order as I knew it later. As a matter of fact, quite a long interval elapsed, as will presently appear, before I was able to recall anything whatever from the time when I set out in pursuit of Madame Ingomar to that when I acted as a decoy in the abduction of Rima.

A master player had used me as a pawn. The very seat of reason had been shaken by a drug not to be discovered in any pharmacopœia. These events and those which immediately followed I was to recover later. I must return now to the conclusion of a phase of my life which I still consider the most remarkable any man has known. . . .

"SHAN dear, I know you are very sleepy, but it's getting cold, and very late. . . ."

I stirred dreamily, opening my eyes. I was pillowed on a warm ivory shoulder, a bare arm encircled my neck, and the silvery voice which had awakened me was tenderly caressing. I hugged my fragrant pillow and felt no desire to move.

A long jade earring touched me coldly. Soothing fingers stroked my hair, and the silvery voice whispered:

"Truly, Shan, you must wake up! I'm sorry, dear, but you must."

Reluctantly I raised my head, looking into brilliant green eyes regarding me under half-lowered lashes. Their glance was a caress as soothing as that of the slender fingers.

Fah Lo Suee, I mused languidly, conscious of nothing but a dreamy contentment, and thinking what perfect lips she had, when, smiling, she bent and whispered in my ear:

"Love dreams are so bittersweet because we know we are dreaming."

But yet I was reluctant to move. I could see a long reach of the Nile, touched to magic by the moon. *Dahabeahs* were moored against the left bank, their slender, graceful masts forming harmonious lines against a background of grouped palms and straggling white buildings. Of course! I was in Fah Lo Suee's car; her arms were about me. I turned my head, looking over a silken shoulder to where a bridge spanned the Nile. It must be very late, I mused, later than I had supposed; the Kasr el-Nîl bridge was deserted.

MEMORY began to return—or what I thought then to be memory—from the moment when I determined to follow Fah Lo Suee from the garden of Shepheard's. . . . I had been uncertain of her identity until she had removed the gold mask. . . .

"I think someone has been watching, Shan, and I am positively shivering. I am going to drive you back now."

I sat bolt upright, one hand raised to my head, as Fah Lo Suee bent slightly and started the car. With never another glance aside, she drove on, presently to turn, right, into the maze of Cairo's empty streets.

Furtively I watched the clear profile of the driver. It was beautiful, and strangely like that of the mystery queen, Nefertiti, whose cold loveliness has caused so much controversy. The small chin was delicately but firmly modeled, the straight nose from a strictly classical standpoint was perhaps too large, but very characteristic. I exulted in the knowledge that this brilliant and alluring woman had selected me—Shan Greville—from the rest of mankind.

Cairo's streets were as depopulated as the streets of sleeping Thebes; and at the corner of Shâria el-Maghrâbi, which I recognized with a start of awakening, Fah Lo Suee pulled up.

I did not know then, but I knew later, the real character of a kind of wave of remorse which swept over me. It was, of course, my true self fighting against this strange abandonment, partly drug-induced and partly hypnotic, which held me voluptuously. . . .

Rima! How could I ever face Rima? What explanation could I offer which she would accept? And Sir Denis! Oddly enough, it was his grim, brown face which appeared most vividly before me in that odd moment of clarity: the chief and Dr. Petrie were mere shadows in a misty background. . . .

I had held a link of a deadly conspiracy in my hand. I could have snapped it; my duty was plain. Instead, I had passed the hours in dalliance with Fah Lo Suee! I clutched my head, trying to recall where we had gone. I could not believe that I had spent the night like some callow undergraduate on a petting party.

"YOU must walk from here, Shan," said Fah Lo Suee. "I dare not drive you any farther."

She linked her arms about me and crushed her lips against mine, her long, narrow eyes closed. And in the complete surrender of that parting embrace I experienced a mad triumph which no other conquest could have given me. Rima, Nayland Smith, the chief—all were forgotten!

"Good night, dear! And remember me until we meet again. . . ."

I stood on the pavement struggling with the most conflicting emotions, as the car swept around in the empty Shâria el-Maghrâbi and disappeared in the direction of Ismailia. The perfume of that parting kiss still lingered on my lips. As a man marooned, condemned, forgotten, I stood there—I cannot say for how long. But at last I turned and stared about me.

Cairo was asleep. What did it matter! I laughed aloud—and began to walk back to Shepheard's.

I met never a soul in the Shâria Kâmel until just before reaching the terrace. At this point, where there are a number of shops lying back from the street, a hideous object—a belated beggar—suddenly emerged from the shadows.

Ragged, bearded, indescribably filthy, he hobbled upon a crude crutch. As he ranged up beside me, muttering unintelligibly, I thrust my hand into my trousers pocket, found some small coins and dropped them in his extended palm.

"He will be crowned in Damascus," said the mendicant, and hobbled away.

At this point a belated beggar suddenly emerged

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Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

from the shadows, muttering unintelligibly

I despair of making my meaning clear; but those words formed the termination of what I can only term the *second phase* of my dream-like experience. Oddly enough, they remained with me; I mean, when all else was forgotten I remembered the words, "He will be crowned in Damascus."

For, as they were spoken and as I listened to the *tap-tap-tap* of the mendicant's crutch receding in the distance, a complete mental black-out came for the third time in that one night!

All that I have related of my experience with Fah Lo Suee, as well as that which went before, I was to recall later, as I shall presently explain; but so far as I knew at the time, in effect what occurred was this:

I found myself standing, swaying rather dizzily, and with a splitting headache, looking toward the steps of Shepheard's with the words buzzing in my ears—"He will be crowned in Damascus."

The sound of the crutch had died away, and I had no idea who had spoken those words! I know now, of course, that they formed part of an amazing sequence of hypnotic suggestions; that they were my cue for *final forgetfulness*. At the time I merely knew that, wondering when and where I had heard that sentence spoken, I staggered forward, trying to remember why I was there—and what business had brought me to Cairo.

THEN came *true* memory—I mean memory without interference.

I had reached the foot of the steps when the facts returned to me. . . . That narrow alley behind the Mosque of Muayyâd! From the moment I had entered it until the present, I was conscious of nothing but darkness!

How, I asked myself, had I reached the Shâria Kâmel? Could I have walked? And where had I heard those words—"He will be crowned in Damascus"?

Shepheard's was in darkness, and it suddenly occurred to me to look at my wrist watch.

Three A. M., precisely.

Heavy-footed, I mounted the steps. The door was barred, but I pressed the bell. In the interval of waiting for the night porter to open, I cudgeled my brains for an explanation of what had happened.

I had followed Fu Manchu's daughter (of her identity I was all but certain) in a taxicab. I should remember the man. Leaving him at a corner near the Bâb ez-Zuwéla, I had unwisely run on into a narrow alleyway; and then?

Then . . . I had found myself a few steps away from the point at which I now stood at three in the morning!

The night porter unbarred the door.

THE night porter, who knew me well, stared like a man who sees a ghost.

"Good heavens, Mr. Greville!"

I saw that the lobby was in the hands of an army of cleaners, removing the traces of the night's festivities. A man standing over by the hall porter's desk turned, and then came forward quickly.

"Where is Sir Lionel Barton?" I had begun, when:

"Are you Mr. Shan Greville?" the stranger asked.

He was an alert-looking man, wearing dinner kit and carrying a soft felt hat. There was something about him which was vaguely familiar.

"I am," I replied.

The hall porter had stepped back as the newcomer arrived upon the scene, but he continued to stare at me in a half-frightened way.

"My name is Hewlett. I'm in charge of police headquarters in the absence of Superintendent Weymouth. I was never more pleased to see a man in my life than I am to see you, Mr. Greville."

I shook his hand mechanically, noting that he was looking at me in a queer fashion; and then:

"Where is Sir Denis?" I asked rapidly, "and Miss Barton?"

Hewlett continued to look at me, and I have since learned that I presented a wild-eyed and strange appearance.

"All your friends, Mr. Greville," he replied, "are out with the search party, operating from Bâb el-Khâlk. I came back here ten minutes ago for news. I'm glad I did."

"Where are they searching?" I asked dazedly.

"All around the neighborhood of the Bâb ez-Zuwéla—acting on information supplied by the taxi-man who drove you there."

"Of course," I muttered. "He returned here and reported my absence, I suppose?"

Hewlett nodded. His expression had changed somewhat, had become very grave.

"You look completely whacked," he said. "But nevertheless, I'm afraid I must ask you to come along and join Sir Denis. My car is just around the corner."

My confusion of mind was such that I thought the search (which presumably had been for me) would now be continued in the hope of discovering the hiding place of Fah Lo Suee.

"Very well," I replied wearily. "I should like a long drink before we start, and then I shall be entirely at your service."

"Very well, Mr. Greville."

I GAVE the necessary orders to the night porter, whose manner still remained strange, and dropped upon a lounge. Hewlett sat down beside me.

"In order that we don't waste one precious moment," he went on, "suppose you tell me exactly what happened tonight."

"I'll do my best," I said, "but I fear it's not going to help very much."

"What? How can that be?"

"Because the most important period is a complete blank."

Whereupon I related my movements in the garden that night: how I had seen a woman, whom I was convinced to be none other than the daughter of Fu Manchu, going out by that gate of the garden which I had supposed always to be locked. How I had run through to the front of the hotel, just in time to see her entering a car which waited upon the other side of the street.

"Describe this car," said Hewlett eagerly.

I did so to the best of my ability, stressing its conspicuous yellow color.

"I have no doubt that my driver's account is more accurate than mine," I continued. "He knew the names of all the streets into which we turned, with the exception of the last."

"He led us there," said Hewlett with a certain impatience, "but we drew a complete blank. What I want you to tell me, Mr. Greville, is into which house you went in that street."

I smiled wryly, as the night porter appeared bearing refreshments on a tray.

"I warned you that my evidence would be a disappointment," I reminded him. "From that point up to the moment when I found myself standing outside Shepheard's, here, my memory is a complete blank."

HEWLETT'S expression became almost incredulous.

"But what happened?" he demanded. "The man tells us that he saw you run into a narrow turning on the left, as the yellow car—your description of which tallies with his—was driven off. He followed you a moment later and found no trace whatever. For heaven's sake, tell me, Mr. Greville, what happened."

"I had fallen into a trap," I replied wearily. "I was drenched with some kind of anesthetic. I don't know how it was applied. Perhaps a cloth saturated in it was thrown over my head. Unconsciousness was almost instantaneous. Beyond telling you that this drug, which was used in the murder of Dr. van Berg in Persia, has a smell resembling that of mimosa, I can tell you nothing more—absolutely nothing!"

"Good heavens!" groaned Hewlett, "this is awful. Our last hope's gone!"

My brain seemed to be spinning. I was conscious of most conflicting ideas; and suddenly:

"Wait a moment!" I cried. "There *is* one other thing. At some time—I haven't the faintest idea when, but at some time during the night I heard the words, 'He will be crowned in Damascus'!"

"By whom were they spoken?"

(Continued on page 37)

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As Mr. Gedge caught sight of Slattery a look of intense pleasure came into his face

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

SENATOR OPAL, of the U. S. A. (ensconced in a London hotel with his daughter, Jane), gets a haircut in his suite. What the barber does to his head is criminal. The senator, a fire-eater, says so.

Shortly thereafter Jane meets the "barber"—none other than "Packy" Franklyn, young, rich, American, who has merely been playing one of his usual pranks. Miss Opal is secretly engaged to one Blair Eggleston, *an impecunious writer. Hoping* to win the good will of the old manhandler, Mr. Eggleston (whom the senator has never met) goes to work for him—as his valet. . . . *Packy is, likewise, engaged* to the haughty Lady Beatrice Bracken.

Let us now journey to fair France—to the Château Blissac, near the little town of St. Rocque, occupied by the Gedges: J. Wellington (poor) and Mrs. J. Wellington (rich), of Glendale, California. Observe Mr. Gedge; short, fat and miserable. His wife is planning to make him ambassador to France. He does not desire the job. . . . Guests are expected: the Vicomte de Blissac (known to Packy, his pal, as "Veek," and France's premier drunkard), and the Opals. Burglars are *not* expected. But "Oily" Carlisle and "Soup" Slattery are plotting to cop Mrs. Gedge's jewels.

Senator Opal, it would appear, is in trouble. He has written a complaint to his bootlegger and, due to a most unfortunate error, Mrs. Gedge has received it. And she is blackmailing the "dry" senator —for the ambassadorship!

"If," Jane asks, "I can get that letter, can I marry any man I pick?" The senator agrees. Cognizant of the situation, Packy, renting a yacht, sails to St. Rocque. There he encounters the Vicomte de Blissac, who has already begun to celebrate St. Rocque's annual carnival. Packy agrees to meet Veek that night at the Hôtel des Etrangers.

IV

IT WAS at ten minutes to eight that night that Mr. Soup Slattery entered the cocktail bar of the Hôtel des Étrangers and, breathing heavily, placed his foot on the rail and ordered a dry Martini. He was panting like a stag pursued by hounds.

The Festival of the Saint had found in Mr. Slattery an unappreciative audience. He was not *en rapport* and would have preferred to ignore it. But when you are in St. Rocque on the fifteenth of July, the Festival of the Saint rather thrusts itself upon you.

It had begun under Mr. Slattery's window at 7 A. M., a fact which in itself would have been enough to create a prejudice, for, when not engaged in his profession, he was one of those health-loving sleepers who like to get their full eight hours. It had continued in the shape of a waiter in complete peasant costume, who sang some old Breton folk song in an undertone as he brought him his coffee. It had haunted him all day in the crowded, vocal streets. And now it had driven him into what seemed the only sane spot in town, the cocktail bar of the Hôtel des Étrangers.

Soup Slattery shared Packy Franklyn's austere distaste for fancy dress. Men who donned it he considered sissies and, as for the other sex, he held that Lovely Woman forfeited all claim to reverent devotion when she put on baggy check trousers and went about blowing a squeaker. And when positive dowagers, who should have been setting an example, suddenly assaulted perfect strangers with those long, curly things which shoot out like serpents when you puff into them, he felt that the limit had been overstepped.

IT WAS a distressing occurrence of this nature which had finally sent him hurrying for sanctuary. His thoughts, like drifting thistledown, had been floating about the Château Blissac and the jewelry in its interior, when the beastly thing caught him squarely on the tip of the nose, utterly disorganizing his whole nervous system.

And it was with a strong sense of being unfairly persecuted by Fate that he now perceived that even in the quiet, almost ecclesiastical atmosphere of the Hôtel des Étrangers' cocktail bar he was not safe. Leaning against the counter not three feet away from him was a young man in apparel so curious and exotic that it smote Mr. Slattery like a blow.

The Vicomte de Blissac's *costumier's* conception of a lizard had been planned on broad and impressionistic lines. The finished product suggested more some sort of parrot. The vicomte, as he leaned on the counter exchanging civilities with the man behind it, was covered from head to foot in bright green scales and his shapely nose was concealed beneath a long crimson beak. And Mr. Slattery, having shied like a horse and blinked violently, became conscious of an overwhelming urge to get to the bottom of this sad affair. It made him ill to contemplate the vicomte, but, mingled with the nausea, there was this feeling of intense curiosity. He felt he would not be able to sleep that night if he did not ascertain what on earth the other supposed he was representing.

Finishing his Martini, accordingly, he sidled along the bar and tapped him on the arm.

"Hey!" he said.

The vicomte turned. And it was evi-

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Note how it protects and beautifies your teeth over the years. How thoroughly it cleans. How it removes discoloration and brings out the natural luster. How it refreshes your mouth. Hardens gums to resist infection and sweetens the breath.

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7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon
10 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops
2 chickens, a large roast
12 Jelly Rolls, coffee rings, cheese cakes or angel cakes
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dent from his demeanor that he was in a friendly mood.

"Allo-allo!" he replied genially. "Have a drink, my old dear sir. Something for the gentleman, Gustave."

Mr. Slattery was a little mollified by this cordiality. Looking a shade less grim, he ordered another dry Martini.

"Say, what are you made up for?" he asked.

"I'm a blizzard."

"Oh?" said Mr. Slattery, still unenlightened. "Well, pleased to meet you."

He produced a card. The vicomte eyed it owlishly, tucked it under a convenient scale, and after some complicated groping brought out his own cardcase.

"Have one of mine."

"Thanks."

"Have two."

"Sure."

"Take the whole lot," said the vicomte, overflowing with generosity. There was nothing small about the De Blissacs.

Mr. Slattery regarded the collection with a wooden stare. He seemed to be wondering how many of these he had to collect before becoming entitled to a cut-glass tobacco jar. Then he started. The name had impressed itself upon him.

"Say! Are you Veecount D. Blissac?"

HIS companion considered this question with the gravity it deserved. It was not one to be answered offhand. He studied the nearest of the cards, then the one next to that.

"Yes," he said, convinced.

"From that Chatty-o place up the hill?"

"Completely."

All Mr. Slattery's moroseness had left him. If there was one person he had been wanting to meet, it was somebody with an inside knowledge of the Château Blissac, somebody who would give him the lowdown on its personnel. More than anything else, he desired to know how well off in dogs the place was. On one occasion in his career his most careful plans had been wrecked by a wholly unforeseen Pekingese.

He pressed genially upon the vicomte, therefore, going so far as to place a friendly arm about his shoulders. And it was thus that Packy, coming in on the stroke of the hour, discovered them.

By this time, Mr. Slattery's whole outlook on the Festival of the Saint had undergone a radical change. A very different man from the frowning recluse who had fled to the cocktail bar to seek refuge from it, he was now undisguisedly pro-festival. And it was with something of a shock, democratic mixer with his fellow men though he was, that Packy learned that this exceedingly tough-looking citizen was to be his companion at dinner and that after dinner all three of them were to go on and dance in the Public Amusement Gardens. For an instant a vision of Beatrice rose before him, and he could not see any soft light of approval in her eyes.

Then there came to him the restorative reflection that Beatrice was a long way away. It cheered him immensely. There are few things which so spruce up a fiancé on these occasions as the realization that a good, broad strip of water separates the loved one and himself. Shaking hands with Mr. Slattery, he prepared to be, if not the life and soul of the party—for the vicomte was obviously going to be that—at any rate a willing celebrant.

AND he was giving uniform satisfaction in this respect when their little gathering of three kindred souls suddenly turned into a gathering of four. Bustling through the doorway there came a small, stout man in what appeared to be an Oriental costume of some kind. He paused for a moment on the threshold, as if savoring the delights within, then circled towards the bar like a homing pigeon.

And as he caught sight of Mr. Slattery a look of intense pleasure came into his face and he broke into a sort of primitive step-dance.

"Ee-yah!" he cried. "Ee-yah! Ee-yah!"

In the days which had passed since his wife's departure for England, J. Wellington Gedge had not faltered in his resolve to take advantage of her absence and attend the Festival of the Saint. His only regret, as he entered the cocktail bar, had been that he had no companion to share these golden moments.

And at this particular golden moment whom should he espy but his dear old friend, Mr. Slattery, the nicest stick-up man he had ever met. The encounter seemed to him to place the seal of success on the night's proceedings.

"Ee-yah! Ee-yah! Ee-yah!" he whooped, jumping rapidly up and down.

Nor was there any lack of answering cordiality in Mr. Slattery's manner. He had had three dry Martinis, an orange blossom, and something which the man behind the bar called a Gustave Special, and he was feeling like the little brother of all mankind.

"Well, I'm darned!"

"Ee-yah!" said Mr. Gedge.

"Lafayette, we are here!" said Mr. Slattery.

He turned to the others, to make this added attraction known to them.

"Meet my friend, Mr. Gedge."

The vicomte uttered a cry that sounded like the howl of a pleased hyena.

"Not Mr. Skeleton Gedge?"

"Yessir."

"Well, well, well!" said the vicomte. He smote Mr. Gedge lustily on the back, then tapped his own chest with an identifying finger. "Me—the Vicomte de Blissac!"

"You don't say!"

"Completely!"

"Well, well, well!"

Nothing could have exceeded Mr. Gedge's astonishment and enthusiasm at this unexpected meeting with his young guest. Well-well-welling once more, he grasped the vicomte's hand, shook it, clung to it, released it, grasped it again. You could see that this was a big moment in his life.

The vicomte indicated Packy:

"My friend, Mr. Franklyn."

"Well, well, well! What," inquired Mr. Gedge lyrically, "is the matter with Franklyn? He's all right."

"Who's all right?" asked Mr. Slattery.

"Franklyn," said Mr. Gedge.

"Yay, Franklyn!" said Mr. Slattery.

"Yay, Franklyn!" said Mr. Gedge.

HE RELEASED the vicomte's hand once more and gripped Packy's. He gripped it warmly, but not so warmly as Packy gripped his. To Packy, it was as if a miracle had been performed while he waited. All day he had been goading his brain to discover some method by which he could enter the Château Blissac, and lo! here was the lessee of the place in person. So to ingratiate himself that the other would shower invitations upon him would surely be a simple task. By way of starting the treatment, he massaged Mr. Gedge's shoulder and told him he looked fine.

"You like the costume?"

"It's great."

"My own."

"No!"

"Yessir. Thought it all out myself."

"Genius!" said Packy.

Mr. Gedge, having possessed himself of a small table, was beating rhythmically on the bar with it.

"We're going to have a drink to celebrate this," he said authoritatively. "Yessir, that's what we're certainly going to do. Tonight, boys, I intend to step high, wide and plentiful."

"Try a Gustave Special," was Mr. Slattery's advice. "Swell for the tonsils."

"Perfectly," agreed the vicomte. "They are good, those Gustave Specials."

"They are?"

"They certainly are."

Mr. Gedge was convinced.

"Three cheers," he cried buoyantly, "for the Gustave Specials!"

The vicomte went further.

"Four cheers for the Gustave Specials!"

And Mr. Slattery further still:

"Five cheers for the Gustave Specials!"

"Six!" vociferated Mr. Gedge, topping the bidding. "All together now, boys. Six cheers for the Gustave Specials!"

It became increasingly evident to Packy that this was going to be one of those evenings.

FAIRY lanterns, assisted by a rudimentary moon, lit up the Public Amusement Gardens of St. Rocque, of which one may safely say that their best friend would not have known them now. Normally, they are quiet and decorous, these Public Amusement Gardens, even to the point of dullness. Tonight, all was changed. Tables and waiters and bottles had broken out on every side like a rash. A silver band—and for sheer licentiousness you can't beat a silver band—was playing on the little platform in the center, and round this platform, in many cases far too closely linked, pirouetted the merrymaking citizenry of St. Rocque. The Festival of the Saint was in full swing.

So, also, were Mr. Soup Slattery and the Vicomte de Blissac. The former, in intimate communion with a chancemet lady friend, was tearing off a few of those fancy steps which had made his name a byword at bootleggers' social evenings in Cicero. The latter, who preferred to be untrammeled by a partner, was performing some intricate gyrations by himself in the very middle of the fairway, a source of no small inconvenience to one and all.

Packy was not dancing. Nor was Mr. Gedge. Mr. Gedge had taken a turn or two earlier in the evening, but, chancing to trip over his feet and fall a little heavily against the bandstand, he had retired to a table on the edge of the arena and was now sitting there with a dark scowl on his face, regarding the revelers with every evidence of disapproval and dislike. He had, indeed, conceived a very deep-rooted loathing for his fellow human beings. Spiritually, he was in the depths.

Much has been written against the practice of overindulging in alcoholic stimulants; but to the thinking man the real objection to such overindulgence must always be the fact that, beyond a certain point, the wine-cup ceases to stimulate and, instead, depresses. The result, as Packy was shortly to discover, is that with a companion well under the influence, you never know where you are. You start the evening gayly with a sunny-minded Jekyll, and suddenly and without any warning he turns on your hands into a brooding Hyde.

During dinner and for an hour or two after it, J. Wellington Gedge had had all the earmarks of one who on honeydew has fed and drunk the milk of Paradise. He had overflowed with amiability and good will. A child could have played with him and, what is more, he would probably have given it a franc to buy candy with. And Packy, having no reason to suppose that he was not still in this Cheerybble-like frame of mind, felt encouraged.

(Cont'd on page 34)

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

He pointed along the path beyond him. The pursuit rolled off in that direction

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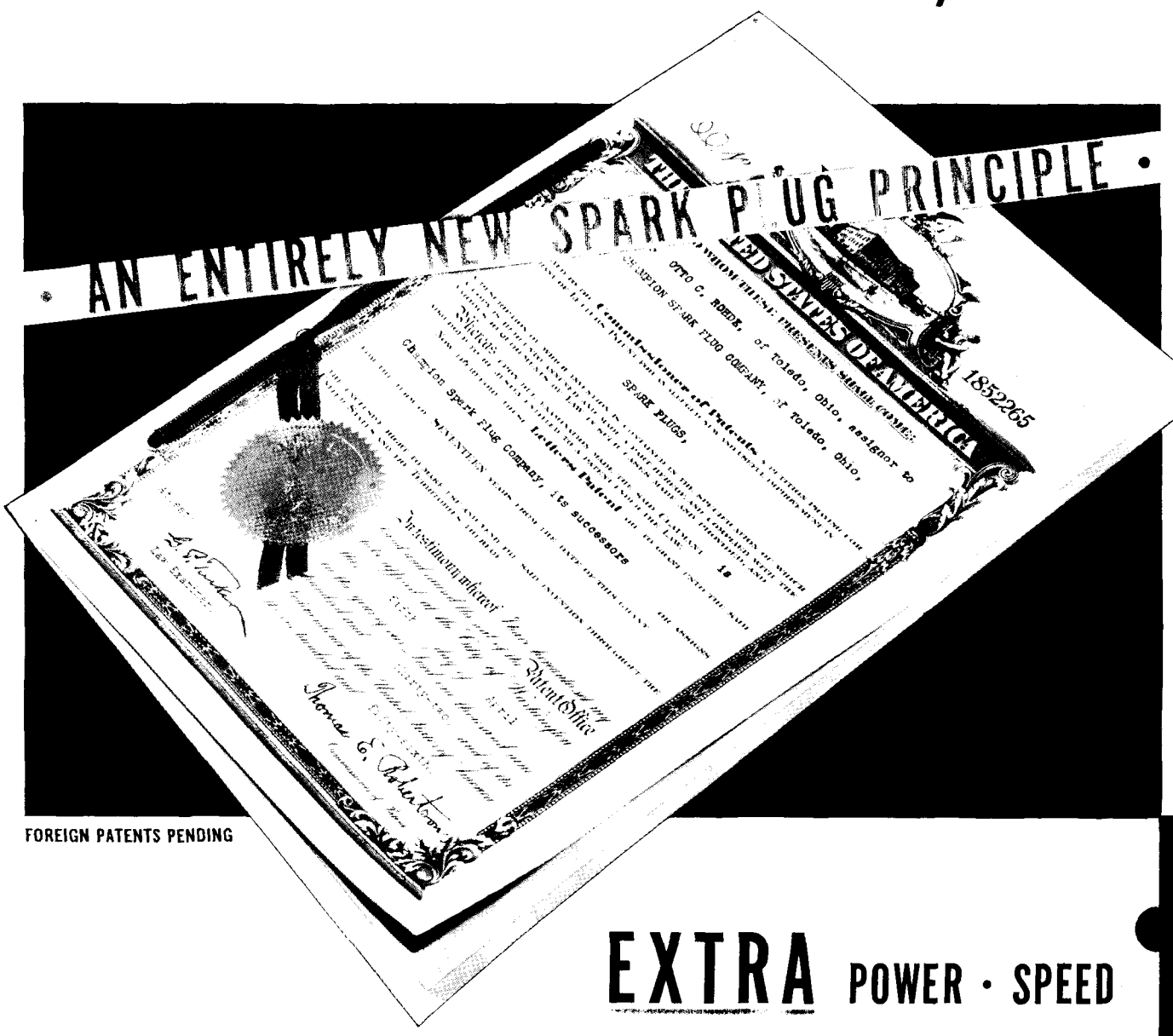
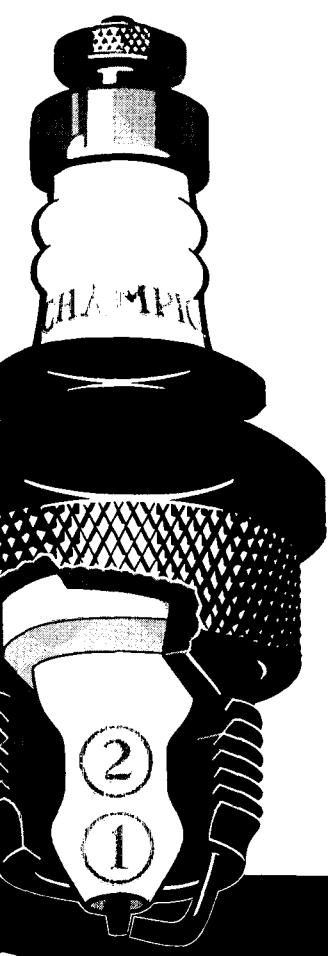
U. S. PATENT

1852265

ISSUED APRIL 5, 1932



FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING



Excerpt from final claim number eight of U. S. Patent 1852265

"• • • the core flaring outward from its tip to carry off the heat from the tip and minimize pre-ignition, having a restricted portion of substantial length above said flaring portion to retain sufficient heat to eliminate deposited carbon, flaring from the upper end of said restricted portion to said seating surface, presenting an insulating surface from seat to tip to avoid disturbance of heat distribution, and changing in contour gradually to avoid excessive heat gradients."

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The Girl to Marry

Of a man who learned the meaning of duty—but almost forgot about love

By Zona Gale

Illustrated by R. F. James

"I'd like to marry," said Larch miserably. "I need you"

ALL through his aunt's funeral services Larch Barden went on thinking:

"Now I can be married. Now I can be married."

He had taken care of his lame aunt for sixteen years, and he had never been able to make enough to keep both her and a wife. He had cared for her well enough too, and pleasantly, so that, unless she guessed, she could not have known what she cost Larch. And she did not guess, because she thought only of herself and her lame leg, which she called her limb.

When she died, Larch was thirty-six, and though he could not help thinking of his freedom, yet her death wrenched him too—for she was so old and tired, and he was accustomed to her. And then she remembered his father as a little boy, and no one else whom he knew could so remember his father. He, Larch, was the only being whom she "had," and she looked at him wistfully and terribly from her pillows. Yet right after she died, and all through her funeral, Larch kept thinking:

"Now I, too, can marry."

But whom? Letta and Marah he had been drawn to, in succession, years before, but now they were married and were mothers of children, some gay, some sullen and sickly. Of late he had not tried to meet women, because he had to explain about his aunt, and then a girl would lose interest. Minna Bert had seemed to like him two years ago, and they had gone to a picture show together, but then when he had been obliged to hurry home to give his aunt her warm milk and get her ready for the night, Minna had said, "I'd hate nursing, let me tell you," and whenever after that he telephoned, she had said that she was busy. With Bertha, the blonde, he had "gone" for some weeks without mentioning his aunt, but as soon as he had kissed Bertha, he had felt bound to tell her—and she had answered only:

"Well, say!"

When he had called her up next time, she only laughed and said:

"You're practically engaged, I'd say."

So gradually he had come to spend every evening with his aunt. But now that she was dead, he was in haste to be married at once.

He went to a dance hall and stood at the edge of the floor, deliberately seeking. Not that one, and not that one—and no, not that other. He danced with a girl in red and black and with another who called him "old baby." No, not these, certainly. He stared about and thought that girls had changed. They hadn't looked like this once. How had they looked? He tried to call back the picture which he had always had in his mind. The girl whom he had thought that he would marry—she should be so and so—well, shy and wistful and with fluffy hair and a way of looking down. These girls were neither shy nor wistful, not one of them. Virtually never did they look down. And their hair was plastered flat to their heads. He went on looking about the floor for the girl whom he had pictured, and she was not there.

Well, but wouldn't one of these girls do as well? . . .

At that Larch Barden stopped thinking and knew. No, no one else would do. She must be that one. And he perceived that he had meant all along not merely to marry, but to love some special one and to marry her. And now whom was he to love? This was going to be a far more difficult matter than he had supposed.

BUT in the subway he overheard two women talking. One said:

"I never could get my husband to adopt a baby until last week. Then at last he agreed, and we went to look for one. Would you believe it? We looked for two days and couldn't find one we'd have."

The other woman said:

"Any baby is a nice baby if it has good care."

This was an idea for Larch. Maybe it was true of girls. Maybe these girls were so because no one had really cared for them, been good to them, looked up to them. Maybe his girl was there all the time; maybe she was one of these strange, new girls, only he couldn't recognize her.

By this time his aunt had been dead for several months; his house grew more and more lonely and silent. He would picture to himself how it might be. Though his life might have seemed uneventful to others, to him it was crowded with all that he thought and felt, and he wanted to share these with someone. He imagined himself sitting before the fireplace and pouring out his secret thoughts, and having someone there to listen, to be interested, to care. Suppose she were not just that fluffy-haired one. At least she would be "company." Well, Larch cried out to himself, anything, anything but those blank home-comings.

He went again to the dance hall. He selected a girl in blue with flat light hair and a red mouth and red finger nails. Milly.

"That red will all come off," he thought, "and her hair would fluff up. And she's so young she ought to want somebody to take care of her."

They danced, and she said nothing. Larch liked that—the others kept you hopping to answer them, or else you never could get in a word, anyway, and he relished neither treatment. But when, in the intermission, he talked with Milly, telling what he liked or didn't like, she seemed a little sleepy—or was she bored? While he talked she smiled and let her eyes run over the hall. Then she danced with a young shop salesman, and Larch watched and saw that with this man she talked and laughed, as did the other girls. This piqued him. He sought her out again and said angrily:

"Look here, you talk with those other chaps. Why can't you talk to me?"

"I can," she answered in surprise.

"Well, then," he said with determination, "let's sit down and talk."

THEY found a table, and now he plied her with questions about herself. She answered readily enough. But then he began to talk again about himself, and she fell silent and seemed not to care.

"So that's it," he thought finally. "When I used to talk about myself they ate it up. Now they don't care. That's another way they're different. They want the talk to be about them."

Against all this he measured up his old ideal—that girl whom he had thought should sit looking up at him while he told of his start in life, and of all that he had found out about people and things—one who should do her part principally by questions.

No, Milly was not like that certainly, but she was a nice little thing, even if she wasn't interested in him. And any girl wanted to please a man. Perhaps she didn't know how. He'd let her know at once how he felt about her finger nails.

"What do you girls paint up your hands like that for?" he asked masterfully.

She stared. "Because we like it," she said.

"Well, I don't."

"Some don't," she returned indifferently. "But they get used to it."

"Lips, too," he went on. "It's too much."

Her short upper lip lifted infinitesimally.

"You don't have to come any nearer

(Continued on page 28)

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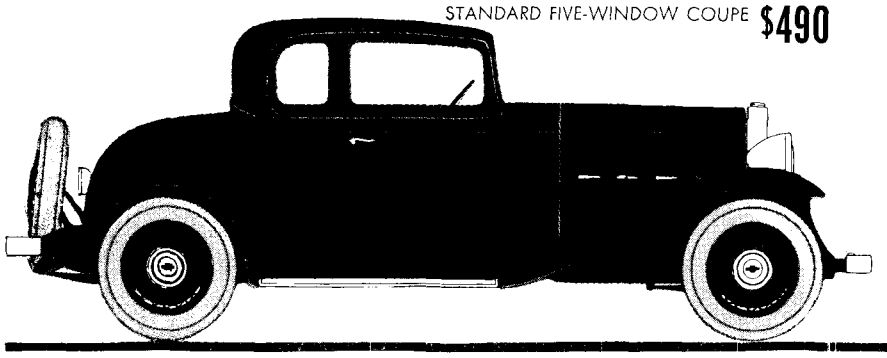

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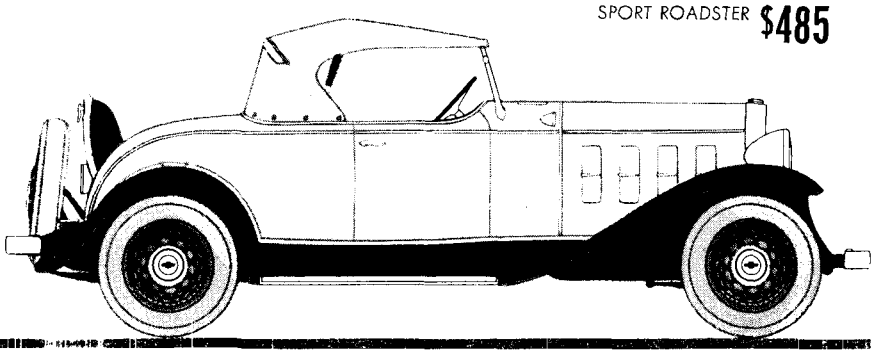

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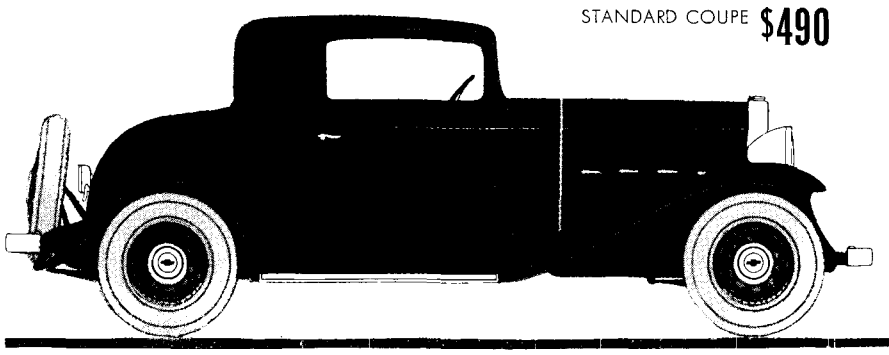

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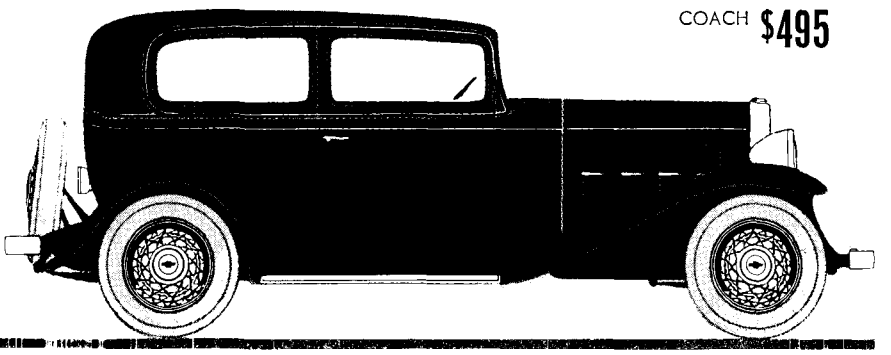

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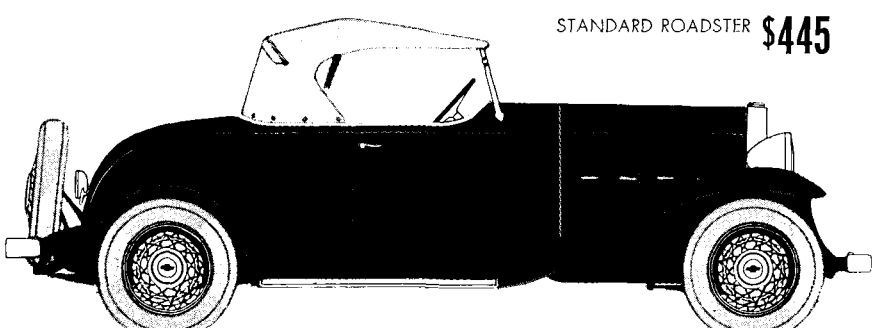

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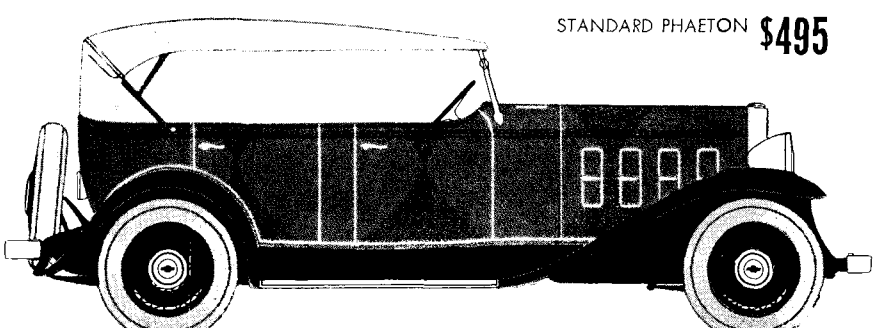

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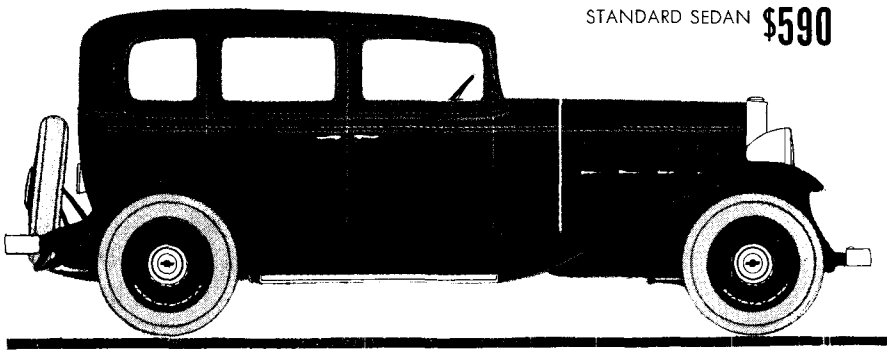

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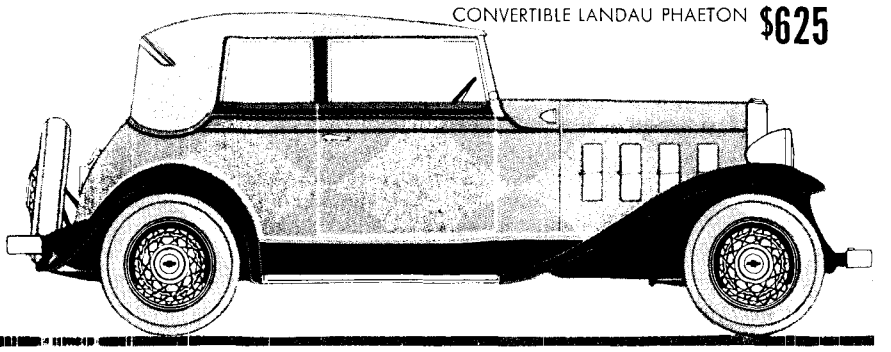

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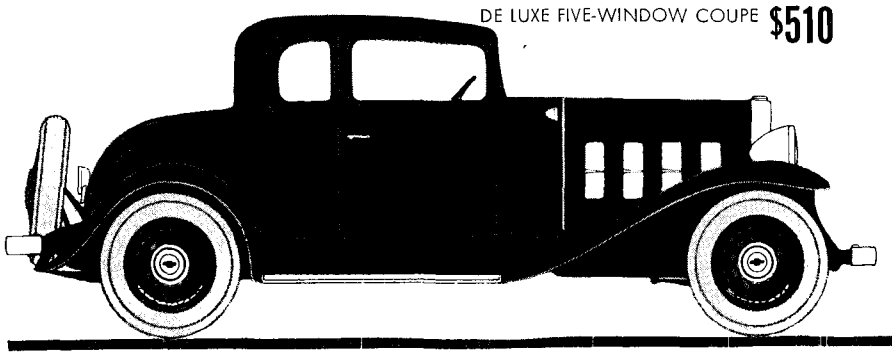

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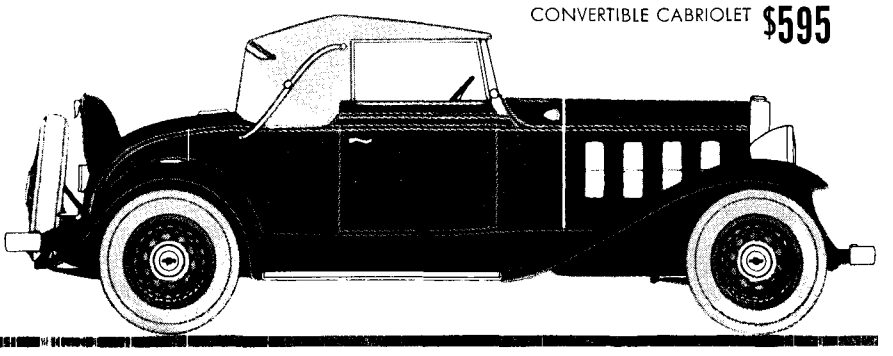

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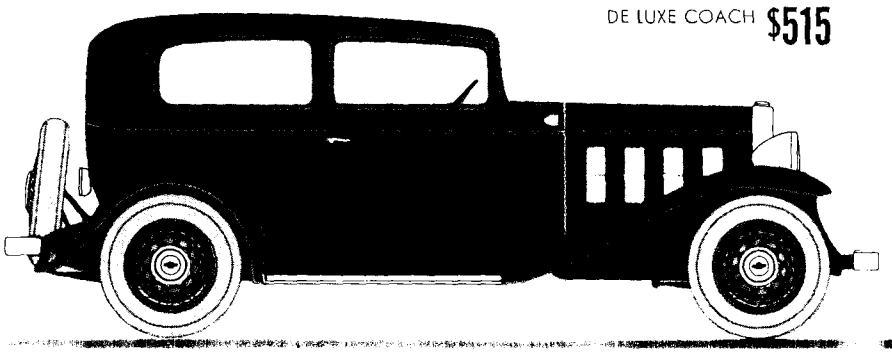

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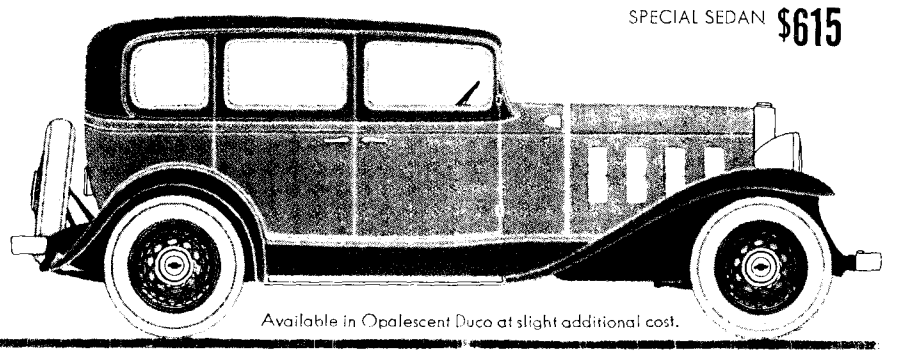

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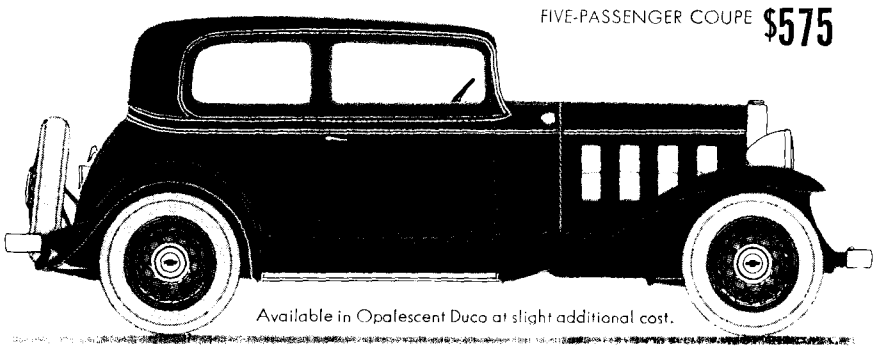

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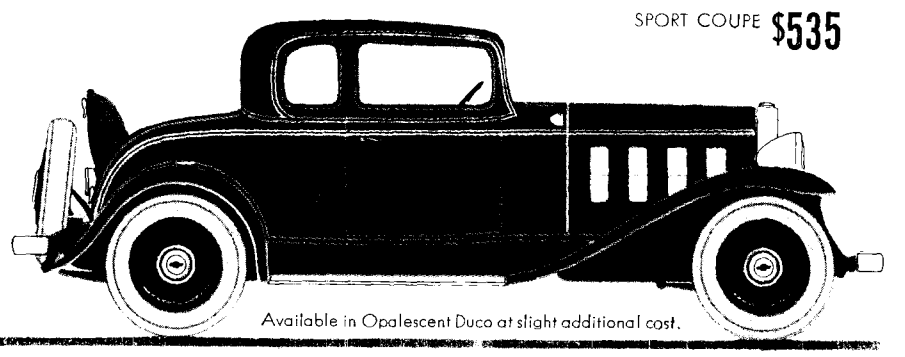

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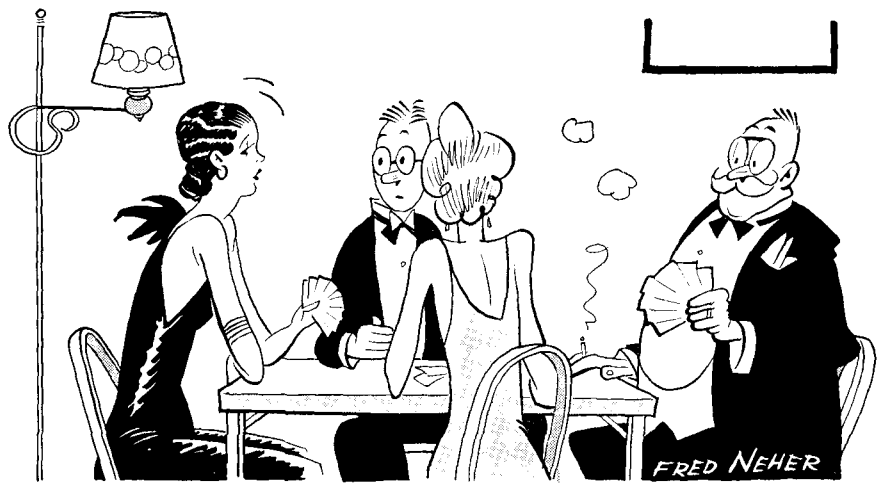

"You led diamonds and you know I never return a diamond"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North
S. J-5-3
H. Q-9-7-2
D. J-8-5
C. J-6-3

West
S. 10-7-6-4
H. 6-5-4
D. 10-7-6-4-3-2
C. None

East
S. Q-9-8
H. A-J-10-3
D. K-Q-9
C. 8-7-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-2
H. K-8
D. A
C. A-K-Q-10-9-5-4

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in one of the duplicate games of the Cleveland Athletic Club in March of this year. Mr. Lewis H. Specht of Cleveland was one of the holders of the South hand.

Mr. Specht opened the bidding very soundly by making the Game-Demand Two-Club bid. He counted his holdings as worth ten and a half tricks with Clubs the trump, and he realized that the Two-Club bid might prove of great advantage. If he started with a call of five Clubs, North would treat it as a preëmptive or semi-preëmptive bid, and North, even if blessed with an Ace and a King, would not bid for a slam as he would expect that much strength would be needed to fulfill the preëmptive declaration. But with South's holding, it was important for him to know whether North had both the one missing Ace and the one missing King. If the Ace of Hearts and the King of Diamonds were in the North hand (of which South would be assured if North made any response except two Diamonds to the Two-Club bid), South could bid for a grand slam. The only risk would be that North's King of Diamonds might be a singleton, that the first lead would be adversely ruffed, or that one of the adversaries held four Clubs to a Jack.

When North replied with the expected two Diamonds, South contented himself with bidding five Clubs. South was not sure that he could fulfill his contract; but an Ace or Queen of Hearts, a Queen of Spades, a doubleton in Spades, or the King-x of Diamonds and a trump entry in the North hand would do it.

The play opened with West leading the Four of Diamonds, captured by South's singleton Ace. If Mr. Specht had been playing an ordinary game of rubber Bridge, it might have been wise for him to draw three rounds of trumps at tricks 2-4, and so avoid any risk of having a Heart ruffed. The Queen of Hearts in the dummy furnished a guarantee that he would at most lose one Heart and one Spade if he played that way; but the hand being part of a duplicate tournament in which the maker of the top score on each deal received the highest point-count for that deal, Declarer was anxious to squeeze out every extra point, as 20 more than the next highest score would count as much as leading the field by 1,000 points.

To the second trick South led the Ten of Clubs, and North overtook with the Jack when West refused. North then led the Deuce of Hearts which South won with the King, East playing small. After that South led six rounds of trumps and, as a result, on the ninth trick to which South led his last trump and on which dummy had made the last of four discards (East not yet having played to the ninth trick), the remaining cards were as follows:

North
S. J-5-3
D. J

West
Unimportant

East
S. Q-9-8
H. A
D. K

South
S. A-K-2
H. 8

So far East had managed to protect three suits, but how to do so and discard on the ninth trick was a problem no man could solve; that last discard squeezed him and he was helpless. If he parted with a Spade, South could run three Spade tricks, losing only one Heart; if he discarded the Ace of Hearts, South's Eight of Hearts became good and one Spade would be the only trick Declarer would lose. If he let go the King of Diamonds, trusting, as was the case, that South had no low Diamond, South would force the lead on him by leading a Heart up to his singleton Ace; and then East would be obliged to lead away from his Queen and two other Spades for a loss of three Spade tricks. Regardless of which choice East made, Declarer would take twelve tricks; and while he would not get the small-slam premium which he would have obtained had he, without justification, ventured to bid for it, he would score the premium for an extra trick. That was only 20, but it gave him the only "top score" for that hand and made him the winner for that session.

The Next Hand

North
S. 10-5-3-2
H. 9-3
D. Q-9-5-4
C. Q-8-4

East
S. Q-J-8-6
H. K-10-8-6-5-2
D. 8-2
C. J

West
S. A-K-9-7
H. A-4
D. 7-3
C. K-9-6-5-2

South (Dealer)
S. 4
H. Q-J-7
D. A-K-J-10-6
C. A-10-7-3

The Girl to Marry

Continued from page 25

to them," she observed, "than right where you are."

Larch looked down. Now, Milly had not yet looked down once.

"What do you want to eat?" he asked gruffly.

Her mind was clear. "I want an onion sandwich," she said, "and some herrings."

He looked up, laughing, not expecting her to be in earnest. But she was. He gave the order. What manner of girl was this, who would eat onions and herrings even on the same day that she met a man?

"You don't care what a man thinks of you, do you?" he asked.

Her reply was the new formula.

"Well, say!" she said.

Larch Barden went back to the little house which yet was no home. He rummaged about and got out his old school photographs. At these girls he looked earnestly: Letta, Marah, Ida, Cora, Gertrude, well, their hair *was* fluffy, but their clothes—did they look so much better than the girls at the dance hall? Could a man be more certain of being happy with one of those girls than with one of these? It might be harder to make one of these girls happy, but wouldn't it be worth it, if it could be done?

Finally, would it be so much easier to love one of those girls of the old school days than to love Milly?

"Good Lord," he said, "I believe I could love her if she could love me."

But could she? At once his doubt was anguish. That night in the park he asked her.

"Not me," she said at once. "No marrying for me. I'm going to travel. If you marry you never see the city limits."

"I'd like to marry," said Larch miserably, "I need you."

Milly burst into laughter.

"*You* need *me!*" she repeated. "Say! When I marry, it'll be because I need somebody—not because he needs me."

"You do need somebody!" Larch burst out. "Every woman does."

"What a quaint thought," said Milly. "I'll bet I earn as much as you do."

At this Larch cried out: "Who's talking about earning? I'm talking about loving!"

"Oh," said Milly. "Why didn't you say so first? It's fifty-fifty on that."

Larch couldn't believe what he heard. He stammered and stared.

"Sure," she said, "you're what any woman would want in a man. I've loved you right along."

The night they were married they went home to Larch's little house. When Milly had been there before, she had asked questions about how many closets and what kind of range, and had wondered much whether this would be a convenient kitchen for her to work in. But now she was silent, as she had been when they had first met, and occasionally she looked at him.

"Larch," she said now, "how long ago did your parents die?"

"Sixteen years," he told her.

"Then who lived here? . . ."

NOW he told her about his aunt, and something about his life. These he had been afraid to produce, because her own life had always seemed to interest her so much more.

"But who *did* the work—got the meals?" she demanded.

"I did," he said. "There wasn't much to do. Evenings I had to myself—and I most generally sat here. Right over there. So I could hear her if she wanted anything."

Milly moved to the door of the bedroom.

"You took care of her—lifted her—brought her food—for sixteen years?"

He nodded.

"I'd promised Dad," he said, in a matter-of-fact way—a way as matter-of-fact and brittle as her own had been.

"Larch," said Milly, "Larch. . . ."

And abruptly she was in his arms, crying, crying . . . her head on his shoulder, and she looking down, and he ruffling up her flat, plastered hair.

"You darling," she cried. "All alone here, for sixteen years—oh, if you knew how that kills me. It *kills* me. . . ."

Larch couldn't get his breath. He thought, "Why, she's just like the others—she's just the way I meant. She's no different, really. . . ."

This made him think of the girl whom he had always meant to love and to lead home. But in her stead came the face of Milly.

"I hear we've got a darn' good show"

Richard Decker

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THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
preys on millions of people
DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU!

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals* serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses — even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

***WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Caused by the germ — *tinea trichophyton* — "Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes — sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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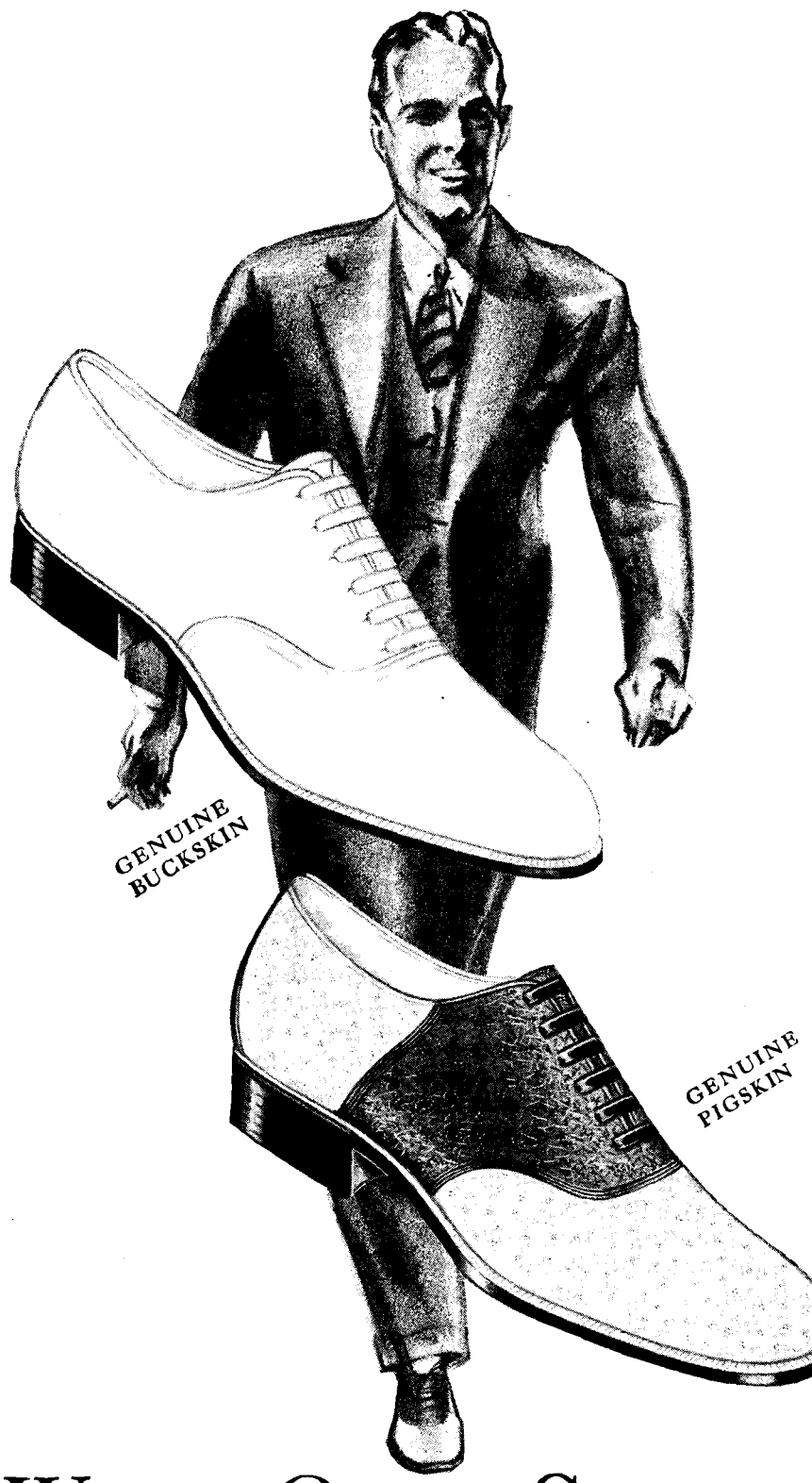

WALK·OVER SPORTS
will put you on "easy feet"

● After your after-work shower what are you going to put on your feet? Not your street shoes—they'll be more comfortable tomorrow if you give them a long rest tonight. Slip into a pair of Walk-Over Sports—that's the way to relax and give your feet a holiday. Lighter, flexible, closer-trimmed soles—cool, smart-looking—as easy-going on your feet as a well-kept putting green.

Your Walk-Over dealer has all the newest styles including those shown here. Top, the NEWPORT, all-white genuine buckskin. The outstanding model at fashionable resorts. Below it, the ARENA, of genuine white and sand pigskin. The newest sport leather.

Both shoes are of the finest Walk-Over workmanship, custom grade, and priced at $8.50. Made by Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

WALK·OVER

SMART STYLES IN SPORT SHOES

Dream Street Rose

Continued from page 8

thumping now and then, because, after all, a thumping wears off, and hurts heal up, even when they are such hurts as a broken nose and fractured ribs, and once an ankle cracked by a kick. It is what he does to her heart, and to her innocence. He is by no means a good husband, and does not know how to treat an ever-loving wife with any respect, especially as he winds up by taking my friend to San Francisco and hiring her out to a very loose character there by the name of Black Emanuel, who has a dance joint on the Barbary Coast, which, at the time I am talking about, is hotter than a stove. In this joint my friend has to dance with the customers, and get them to buy beer for her and one thing and another, and this occupation is most distasteful to my friend, as she never cares for beer.

It is there Frank leaves her for good after giving her an extra big thumping for a keepsake, and when my friend tries to leave Black Emanuel's to go looking for her ever-loving husband, she is somewhat surprised to hear Black Emanuel state that he pays Frank three C's for her to remain there and continue working. Furthermore, Black Emanuel resumes the thumpings where Frank leaves off, and by and by my friend is much bewildered and downhearted and does not care what happens to her.

WELL, there is nothing much of interest in my friend's life for the next thirty-odd years, except that she finally gets so she does not mind the beer so much, and, in fact, takes quite a fondness for it, and also for light wines and Bourbon whisky, and that she comes to realize that Frank does not love her after all, in spite of what he says. Furthermore, in later years, after she drifts around the country quite some, in and out of different joints, she realizes that the chances are she will never have a nice little home, with children running here and there, and she often thinks of what a disagreeable influence Frank has on her life.

In fact, this Frank is always on her mind more than somewhat. In fact, she thinks of him night and day, and says many a prayer that he will do well. She manages to keep track of him, which is not hard to do, at that, as Frank is in New York, and is becoming quite a guy in business, and is often in the newspapers. Maybe his success is due to my friend's prayers, but the chances are it is more because he connects up with some guy who has an invention for doing something very interesting to steel, and by grabbing an interest in this invention Frank gets a shove toward plenty of potatoes. Furthermore, he is married, and is raising up a family.

About ten or twelve years ago my friend comes to New York, and by this time she is getting a little faded around the edges. She is not so old, at that, but the air of the Western and Southern joints is bad on the complexion, and beer is no good for the figure. In fact, my friend is now quite a haybag, and she does not get any better-looking in the years she spends in New York as she is practically all out of the old sex appeal, and has to do a little heavy lifting to keep eating. But she never forgets to keep praying that Frank will continue to do well, and Frank certainly does this, as he is finally spoken of everywhere very respectfully as a millionaire and a high-class guy.

In all the years she is in New York my friend never runs into Frank, as Frank is by no means accustomed to visiting the spots where my friend hangs out, but my friend goes to a lot of bother to get acquainted with a doll who is a maid for some time in Frank's town house in East Seventy-fourth Street, and through this doll my friend keeps a pretty fair line on the way Frank lives. In fact, one day when Frank and his family are absent, my friend goes to Frank's house with her friend, just to see what it looks like, and after an hour there my friend has the joint pretty well cased.

So now my friend knows through her friend that on very hot nights such as tonight Frank's family is bound to be at their country place at Port Washington, but that Frank himself is spending the night at his town house, because he wishes to work on a lot of papers of some kind. My friend knows through her friend that all of Frank's servants are at Port Washington, too, except my friend's friend, who is in charge of the town house, and Frank's valet, a guy by the name of Sloggins.

Furthermore, my friend knows through her friend that both her friend

(Continued on page 32)

"At first it makes you awful mad—and then you decide you're in Europe" *George Butler*

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No GLASSES *to wash*

AT any party or outing, Individual Dixies save you time and work. When guests depart, there are no dirty glasses to wash and polish. For "Individual" is more than a name . . . it is a fact. Dixies are used once, then thrown away.

Table Dixies have rolled brims, smooth sides, and are treated to hold cold drinks for hours on end. They are made in beautiful shades of rose, gold, green, or snow-white with blue decoration. At all informal occasions . . . children's parties, dances, bridge games . . . and on your dining table, Dixies add a touch of novelty and charming informality, save you time and trouble, eliminate the danger, nuisance and expense of broken glasses. These Dixies come in five, ten and twenty-five cent packages wrapped in Cellophane.

For holding jellies, pickles, potato salad, or other tasty dainties, Dixies with lids are made in ¼ pint sizes, tight and sturdy; these Dixies are specially treated to hold soft foods indefinitely. They come in ten cent packages, Cellophane wrapped.

You can get both kinds of Dixies at almost any grocery, drug, five and ten cent, stationery, or department store. If you are unable to get the Dixies you want, please write to the Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc., Original Makers of the Paper Cup Easton, Pa. In Canada, Individual Cup Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

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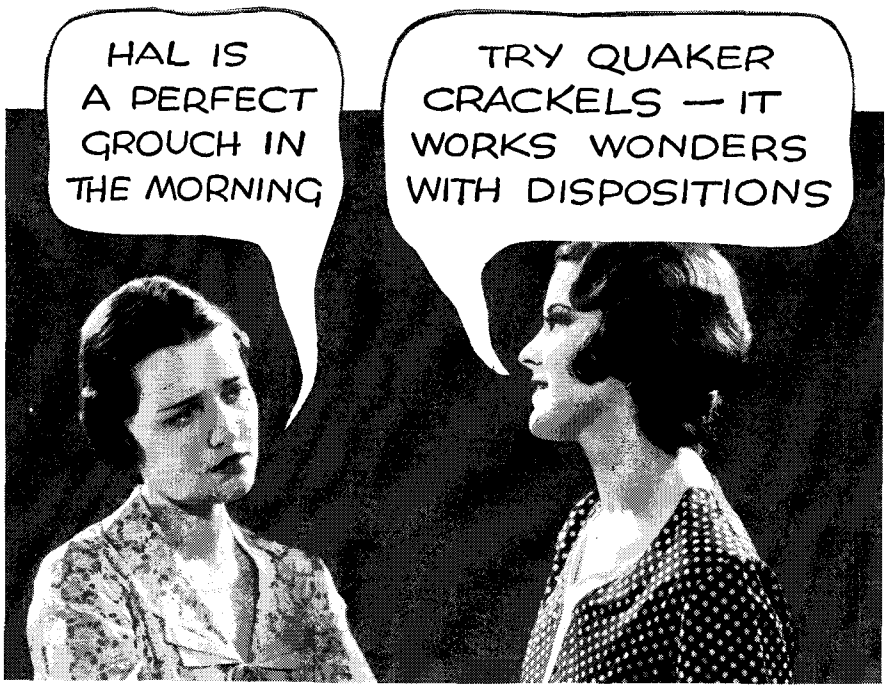

Try this deliciously different cereal

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New in food values. For Quaker Crackels is made by blending together the choicest energy parts of Nature's finest grain foods. And so it gives your family the wonderful nourishment of these different grains *combined* into one supreme cereal.

Get Quaker Crackels today. Start having different . . . more delicious breakfasts.

LISTEN to Phil Cook, the Quaker Man; and to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C. Consult your newspaper radio program.

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Address _____

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QUAKER CRACKELS

Product of the Quaker Oats Company

Dream Street Rose

Continued from page 30

and Sloggins have a date to go to a movie at 8:30 o'clock, to be gone a couple of hours, as it seems Frank is very big-hearted about giving his servants time off for such a purpose when he is at home alone; although one night he squawks no little when my friend is out with her friend drinking a little beer, and my friend's friend loses her door key and has to ring the bell to the servants' entrance, and rousts Frank out of a sound sleep.

Naturally, my friend's friend will be greatly astonished if she ever learns that it is with this key that my friend steps into Frank's house along about 9 o'clock tonight. An electric light hangs over the servants' entrance, and my friend locates the button that controls this light just inside the door and turns it off, as my friend figures that maybe Frank and his family will not care to have any of their high-class neighbors, or anyone else, see an old doll who has no better hat than she is wearing, entering or leaving their house at such an hour.

IT IS an old-fashioned sort of house, four or five stories high, with the library on the third floor in the rear, looking out through French windows over a nice little garden, and my friend finds Frank in the library where she expects to find him, because she is smart enough to figure that a guy who is working on papers is not apt to be doing this work in the cellar.

But Frank is not working on anything when my friend moves in on him. He is dozing in a chair by the window, and, looking at him after all these years, she finds something of a change, indeed. He is much heavier than he is thirty-five years back, and his hair is white, but he looks pretty well to my friend, at that, as she stands there for maybe five minutes watching him. Then he seems to realize somebody is in the room, as sleeping guys will do, for his regular breathing stops with a snort, and he opens his eyes, and looks into my friend's eyes, but without hardly stirring. And finally my friend speaks to Frank as follows:

"Well, Frank," she says, "do you know me?"

"Yes," he says, after a while, "I know you. At first I think maybe you are a ghost, as I once hear something about your being dead. But," he says, "I see now the report is a canard. You are too fat to be a ghost."

Well, of course, this is a most insulting crack, indeed, but my friend passes it off as she does not wish to get in any arguments with Frank at this time. She can see that he is upset more than somewhat and he keeps looking around the room as if he hopes he can see somebody else he can cut in on the conversation. In fact, he acts as if my friend is by no means a welcome visitor.

"Well, Frank," my friend says, very pleasant, "there you are, and here I am. I understand you are now a wealthy and prominent citizen of this town. I am glad to know this, Frank," she says. "You will be surprised to hear that for years and years I pray that you will do well for yourself and become a big guy in every respect, with a nice family, and everything else. I judge my prayers are answered," she says. "I see by the papers that you have two sons at Yale, and a daughter in Vassar, and that your ever-loving wife is getting to be very high mucky-mucky in society. Well, Frank," she says, "I am very glad. I pray something like all this will happen to you."

Now, at such a speech, Frank naturally figures that my friend is all right, at that, and the chances are he also figures that she still has a mighty soft spot in her heart for him, just as she has in the days when she deals them off the arm to keep him in gambling and drinking money. In fact, Frank brightens up somewhat, and he says to my friend like this:

"You pray for my success?" he says. "Why, this is very thoughtful of you, indeed. Well," he says, "I am sitting on top of the world. I have everything to live for."

"Yes," my friend says, "and this is exactly where I pray I will find you. On top of the world," she says, "and with everything to live for. It is where I am when you take my life. It is where I am when you kill me as surely as if you strangle me with your hands. I always pray you will not become a bum," my friend says, "because a bum has nothing to live for, anyway. I want to find you liking to live, so you will hate so much to die."

Naturally, this does not sound so good to Frank, and he begins all of a sudden to shake and shiver and to stutter somewhat.

"Why," he says, "what do you mean? Are you going to kill me?"

"Well," my friend says, "that remains to be seen. Personally," she says, "I will be much obliged if you will kill yourself, but it can be arranged one way or the other. However, I will explain the disadvantages of me killing you.

"The chances are," my friend says, "if I kill you I will be caught and a very great scandal will result, because," she says, "I have on my person the certificate of my marriage to you in Denver, and something tells me you never think to get a divorce. So," she says, "you are a bigamist."

"I can pay," Frank says. "I can pay plenty."

"Furthermore," my friend says, paying no attention to his remark, "I have a sworn statement from Black Emanuel about your transaction with him, for Black Emanuel gets religion before he dies from being shivved by Johnny Mizzoo, and he tries to round himself up by confessing all the sins he can think of, which are quite a lot. It is a very interesting statement," my friend says.

"NOW then," she says, "if you knock yourself off you will leave an unsullied, respected name. If I kill you, all the years and effort you have devoted to building up your reputation will go for nothing. You are past sixty," my friend says, "and any way you figure it, you do not have so very far to go. If I kill you," she says, "you will go in horrible disgrace, and everybody around you will feel the disgrace, no matter how much dough you leave them. Your children will hang their heads in shame. Your ever-loving wife will not like it," my friend says.

"I wait on you a long time, Frank," my friend says. "A dozen times in the past twenty years I figure I may as well call on you and close up my case with you, but," she says, "then I always persuade myself to wait a little longer so you would rise higher and higher and life will be a bit sweeter to you. And there you are, Frank," she says, "and here I am."

Well, Frank sits there as if he is knocked plumb out, and he does not answer a word; so finally my friend outs with a large John Roscoe which she is packing in the bosom of her dress, and

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tosses it in his lap, and speaks as follows:

"Frank," she says, "do not think it will do you any good to pot me in the back when I turn around, because," she says, "you will be worse off than ever. I leave plenty of letters scattered around in case anything happens to me. And remember," she says, "if you do not do this job yourself, I will be back. Sooner or later, I will be back."

So [Dream Street Rose says] my friend goes out of the library and down the stairs, leaving Frank sprawled out in his chair, and when she reaches the first floor she hears what may be a shot in the upper part of the house, and then again may be only a door slamming. My friend never knows for sure what it is, because a little later as she nears the servants' entrance she hears quite a commotion outside, and a guy cussing a blue streak, and a doll tee-heeing, and pretty soon my friend's friend, the maid, and Sloggins, the valet, come walking in.

WELL, my friend just has time to scroonch herself back in a dark corner, and they go upstairs, the guy still cussing and the doll still giggling, and my friend cannot make out what it is all about except that they come home earlier than she figures. So my friend goes tippy-toe out of the servants' entrance, to grab a taxi not far from the house and get away from this neighborhood, and now you will soon hear of the suicide of a guy who is a millionaire, and it will be all even with my friend.

"Well," Rose, I say, "it is a nice long story, and full of romance and all this and that, and," I say, "of course I will never be ungentlemanly enough to call a lady a liar, but," I say, "if it is not a lie, it will do until a lie comes along."

"All right," Rose says. "Anyway, I tell you about my friend. "Now," she says, "I am going where the liquor is better, which can be any other place in town, because," she says, "there is no chance of liquor anywhere being any worse."

So she goes out, making more tracks on Good Time Charley's floor, and Charley speaks most impolitely of her after she goes, and gets out his mop to clean the floor, for one thing about Charley, he is as neat as a pin, and maybe neater.

Well, along toward one o'clock I hear a newsboy in the street outside yelling something I cannot make out, because he is yelling as if he has a mouthful of mush, as newsboys are bound to do. But I am anxious to see what goes in the first race at Belmont, on account of having a first-class tip, so I poke my noggin outside Good Time Charley's and buy a paper and across the front page in large letters, it states that the wealthy Mr. Frank Billingsworth McQuiggan knocks himself off by putting a slug through his own noggin.

It says Mr. McQuiggan is found in a chair in his library as dead as a door nail with the pistol in his lap with which he knocks himself off, and the paper states that nobody can figure what causes Mr. McQuiggan to do such a thing to himself as he is in good health and has plenty of potatoes and is at the peak of his career. Then there is a lot about his history.

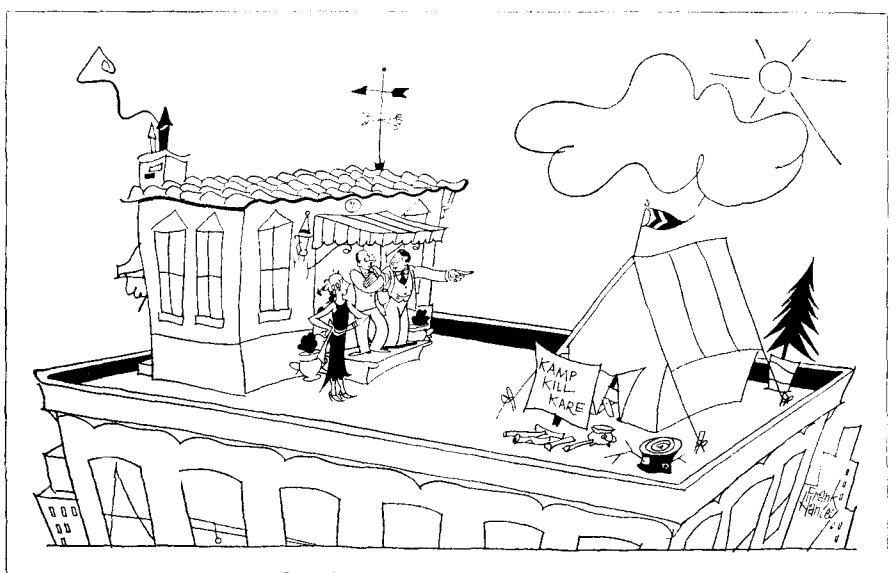
When Mr. McQuiggan is a young fellow returning from a visit to the Pacific Coast with about two hundred dollars in his pocket after paying his railroad fare, he meets in the train Jonas Calloway, famous inventor of the Calloway steel process. Calloway, also then young, is desperately in need of funds and he offers Mr. McQuiggan a third interest in his invention for what now seems the paltry sum of one hundred dollars. Mr. McQuiggan accepts the offer and thus paves the way to his own fortune.

I am telling all this to Good Time Charley while he is mopping away at the floor, and finally I come on a paragraph down near the finish which goes like this: "The body was discovered by Mr. McQuiggan's faithful valet, Thomas Sloggins, at eleven o'clock. Mr. McQuiggan was then apparently dead a couple of hours. Sloggins returned home shortly before ten o'clock with another servant after changing his mind about going to a movie. Instead of going to see his employer at once, as is his usual custom, Sloggins went to his own quarters and changed his clothes.

"'The light over the servants' entrance was out when I returned home,' the valet said, 'and in the darkness I stumbled over some scaffolding and other material left near this entrance by workmen who are to regravel the roof of the house tomorrow, upsetting all over the entranceway a large bucket of tar, much of which gets on my apparel when I fall, making a change necessary before going to see Mr. McQuiggan.'"

Well, Good Time Charley keeps on mopping harder than ever, though finally he stops a minute and speaks to me as follows:

"Listen," Charley says, "understand I do not say the guy does not deserve what he gets, and I am by no means hollering copper, but," Charley says, "if he knocks himself off, how does it come the rod is still in his lap where Dream Street Rose says her friend tosses it? Well, never mind," Charley says, "but can you think of something that will remove tar from a wood floor? It positively will not mop off."



"What's that there, George?"
"Oh, that's my summer residence"

Frank Hanley

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!

. . . careless of his GUMS

and he has "pink tooth brush"!

IF YOU paid as little attention to your garden as you do to your gums—the weeds would have such a head-start on you that by the end of the summer they'd *own* the place!

There's this about gums: as a child, you had gums that were as firm and healthy as a cave-man's. If you'd been brought up on a cave-man's diet, you'd *still* have hard gums. But the foods of civilization are *soft* foods—and soft foods give the gums no stimulation.

That's why your gums have deteriorated into a flabby, touchy condition. That's why they're tender. That's why you have "pink tooth brush", or *will* have it if you don't do something about hardening your gums.

And "pink tooth brush" is serious. It can lead to gingivitis, to pyorrhea, to Vincent's disease. It may even threaten the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage will Harden Your Gums

Get rid of "pink tooth brush". Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste—twice a day. But every time, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your gums. Don't rinse it away. The ziratol in Ipana—the toning agent—works more effectively if left on the gums.

It won't be more than a day or two before your teeth begin to look whiter and brighter. Before the first tube of Ipana is gone, your gums will be in much firmer shape. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and they'll *stay* firm and you won't have "pink tooth brush".

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

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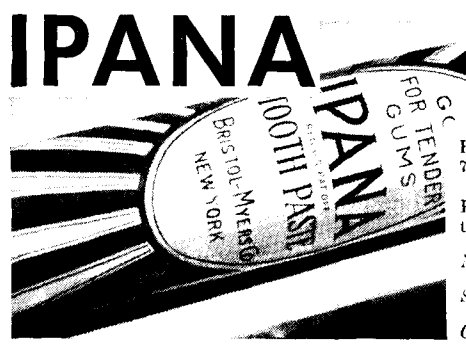
IPANA



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HENRY H. SANGER

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Extra amount for each building dollar spent is only	14/5 cents

BUILD FOR PERMANENCY WITH COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

Hot Water

Continued from page 22

That Mr. Gedge's mood had changed completely and was now like something Schopenhauer might have had after a bad night, he did not begin to suspect.

It was with bright confidence, therefore, and without any inkling of the truth that Packy, at last finding himself alone with Mr. Gedge, started to bring the talk around to the subject nearest his heart.

"So you live at the Château Blissac?" he said.

Mr. Gedge frowned.

"If any man says I don't live at the Shattlebissack, I'll poke him in the nose. Yessir! They can't talk that way to Wellington Gedge."

"No, no. Everybody says you do."

"They better," said Mr. Gedge, quietly but none the less menacingly for that quietness.

FOR the first time it began to be borne in upon Packy that the other was not his former winsome self. He felt a little disquieted. So much, however, hung upon this thing that he tried again:

"It must be a wonderful place."

"What must?"

"The château."

"What château?"

"The Château Blissac."

"Never heard of it," said Mr. Gedge.

Packy was now definitely discouraged. It was plain to him that it was going to be difficult to extract a formal invitation from this sozzled man. He wished now that he had broached the all-important topic during dinner. There had been a point, just after the first bottle of champagne and just before the second, when Mr. Gedge had been in the mood to invite anyone anywhere.

He was roused from his meditations by a choking sound at his side. Mr. Gedge was glaring at him.

"No fresh young mutt with a cauliflower ear is going to tell me where I live and where I don't live. Where did you get that ear?"

Packy explained that it was a souvenir of a certain November afternoon when he had been attempting to die for dear old Yale and—with the assistance of eleven sympathetic Princeton men—nearly succeeded in doing so.

"Yale?"

"I played football at Yale."

Mr. Gedge gave a hard laugh.

"They don't play football at Yale," he said. "Bean-bag, that's what they play at Yale. You want to see football, you come to California. Yale don't play University of Southern California. No, sir! They know too much."

Packy was sorry for Jane Opal and regretted that he would be unable to further her interests by going to the Château Blissac and breaking open safes for her, but he could no longer humble himself before a man who held these monstrous views. He rose, and Mr. Gedge regarded him with a glazed eye.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"You better, before you get a poke in the nose." Packy preserved a proud silence.

"Order another shottle o' champagne," said Mr. Gedge.

"Order it yourself," said Packy.

The brusqueness of the reply seemed to induce in Mr. Gedge a swift change of mood. His eyes filled with tears and he leaned his head dejectedly on a plate of ice cream.

"Nobody loves me," he whispered.

"Shows their sense," said Packy.

The moon, which had collaborated with the fairy lanterns in the illumination of the Public Amusement Gardens, had the lighting of the sand dunes by the harbor to look after alone, and was making a half-hearted job of it. Packy, who had strolled on to the dunes for a pipe before returning to his boat, found himself in a world of shadows, and after one or two stumbles on the uncertain pathway he decided to sit down and stroll no more.

Little breezes whispered about his ears. Shy moths fluttered to and fro. In short, taken by and large, the setting and surroundings were ideal for a good, long lover's reverie.

But Packy, oddly enough, was not thinking of Beatrice. It was the picture of the girl Jane Opal, which filled his mind. And as he thought of Jane Opal remorse began to grip him.

He could not conceal it from himself that he had failed the poor child. He should have persevered with Mr. Gedge, he realized too late. He should have been patient and long-suffering with him. He should not have permitted a few derogatory observations on the quality of the football played at New Haven to divert him from his purpose.

He had just arrived at this conclusion and had risen, intending to make for the jetty where he had moored the Flying Cloud's dinghy, when abruptly through the night there came to him the sound of running footsteps. Somebody in a hurry was heading his way.

The next moment the moon, peeping from behind a cloud, shone weakly down on the well-remembered form of Mr. Soup Slattery.

Mr. Slattery was cutting out a good pace, but it was apparent as he reached the little knoll where Packy stood that sprinting was not his forte. He was panting heavily. He came galloping along, sighted Packy, recognized him, waved an agitated arm in the direction from which he had come, shot at him one brief, concentrated look of appeal; then, leaping to the left with the last remnants of energy in him, sank with a gurgle behind the knoll. And for some moments nothing was to be heard but his muffled gasping.

AND then once more running feet became audible, and almost immediately there burst into view a posse of St. Rocque's able gendarmerie. They, too, appeared a little touched in the wind, and it was plainly with a certain relief that they accepted Packy as an excuse to stop and ask questions.

Packy was not a French scholar, and even if he had been, he would certainly have been unable to follow the constabulary remarks, sounding as they did like water rushing over a weir. But his special knowledge enabled him to make a guess at what they wanted to know and he pointed with animation along the path beyond him.

The pursuit rolled off in that direction. Only when the last footstep had died away did the head of Mr. Slattery emerge from behind the knoll like that of a diffident turtle.

"Zowie!" was Mr. Slattery's comment on the affair, and the fact that he had regained sufficient breath to say even as much as that told Packy that he was once more in a condition to travel. Not pausing to ask for explanations, he seized his arm and hurried him down the slope. A few minutes' earnest cross-country work brought them to the jetty. He thrust the hunted man into the dinghy and pulled out.

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The distance to the Flying Cloud was not great, and during the journey Mr. Slattery made only two remarks. One was "Boy!" the other, "Give me Chicago!" Arriving on the deck of the yawl, he became more expansive.

"Brother," said Mr. Slattery, sinking on a pile of rope and taking off his shoes, "if I live a hundred years, I'll never forget this night and what you done for me!"

Packy waved away his gratitude modestly.

"What happened? Did you murder somebody?"

"No, sir. I didn't murder nobody. But . . ."

"I'll get you a drink," said Packy, remembering his obligations as a host.

"Boy!" said Mr. Slattery, passing a long tongue over his lips.

Returning with the materials for a nightcap, Packy found his guest a good deal restored. He had put his shoes on again, and his breathing was easier. He accepted the proffered glass and drained it with relish.

"Boy, could I write a book!" he said.

HE WAS so evidently convalescent that Packy felt there would now be nothing inhuman in asking for details of the affair.

"Tell me all," he said. "What were the events leading up to the tragedy? Why the gendarmes?"

"The what?"

"The cops. What had you done to annoy them?"

"Me singing—that was the start of it."

"Can they arrest you for singing in France?"

"Well, what I mean, I was breaking the table, too."

"I see. That may have been partly the trouble. Why were you breaking the table?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Slattery, reasonably.

"Of course," said Packy, seeing his point.

Mr. Slattery refreshed himself again.

"Well, anyways, there I am, cutting up and having a good time, and all of a sudden a bunch of fellows dressed like French cops come up and start pushing me around. That burns me up and I cut loose. Two, three of those guys I must of poked in the schnozzle, and I'm just beginning to go nice when all of a sudden . . . Ever been struck by lightning?"

Packy said he had not.

"Well, it was like that. Because right in a sort of flash it dawns on me that these fellows ain't just party hounds made up for cops. They're real cops. So I don't wait to apologize. I beat it, with the whole bunch after me. And where I'd of ended up if I hadn't of run into you and you steered them off of me, I wouldn't like to say. You're aces, boy, and you can write home and tell the folks Soup Slattery said so."

"Soup?" said Packy. "Is that your name?"

"It's what they call me back in Chi. On account me being an expoit safe-blower," explained Mr. Slattery modestly.

Packy started.

"A safe-blower? Do you mean you know how to open safes?"

"Do I know how to open safes? Do *I* know how to open *safes?* Ask the boys back home if Soup Slattery knows how to open safes! Why, is there any little job in that line you want done?" asked Mr. Slattery, noting the oddness of his companion's expression. "If there is, say the word."

Packy groaned in spirit. Life's dreadful irony was saddening him. What he had wanted from the very start of this expedition of his was a kindly friend who knew how to open safes, and now that he had found him it was too late. He mourned once more over that foolish pride which had caused him to sever relations with Mr. Gedge and so render an invitation to the château impossible.

"No," he sighed. "Not at the moment, I'm afraid."

He crushed down these fruitless repinings over what might have been.

"Tell me," he said. "What happened to the others?"

"Gedge and D. Blissac?"

"Yes. I left early."

Mr. Slattery rumbled like a semi-extinct volcano. It seemed to be his way of expressing amusement.

"Boy, you missed somethin'!"

He indulged in another deep rumble.

"Get this," he said. "Me, back at the table, see? And here's this Gedge bird, acting kind of ugly."

"He was that way when I left."

"Well, he hadn't gotten no sunnier, believe me. And after a while he turns to me and starts in rolling the fat about the plumbing at this Chatty-o place which he's rented. Claimed it was terrible. Well, sir, this here Blissac, he sort of draws himself up and calls him. 'What's that?' he says. 'What's what?' says the Gedge bird. 'What's that you're saying about our plumbing?' says this Blissac, very high-hat. 'It's rotten,' says the Gedge bird. 'Say that again,' says D. Blissac. And this Gedge, he says it again, and the next thing you know they're rolling on the floor, and me acting as referee and telling them to break. Boy, it was a couple of minutes before I could get 'em unstuck."

Packy's sympathies were entirely pro-vicomte. No man of spirit will lightly endure strictures on the plumbing of his boyhood home. He said as much.

"Me, too," agreed Mr. Slattery. "And that's what I tell this Gedge when I'd unsorted him. 'Is it nice,' I say, 'giving the razz to a fellow's home plumbing? Is that a system?' He seen it, too, because he started crying into some fruit salad. And then I argue with this Blissac, trying to make him take the big, broad view. And presently we're all hotsy-totsy again, and from then till they suddenly passed out cold on me you wouldn't have wanted to see a happier little bunch than the three of us."

PAUSING at this point, Mr. Slattery regarded Packy with surprise and not a little pique. He considered that he had been telling a good story well. Yet here was his companion apparently in a trance, not listening. He was standing rigid, gazing out into the night.

"Of course, if you ain't interested . . ."

Packy turned. His eyes gleamed strangely.

"You say they passed out?"

"Stiff. Just turned up their toes and lay there."

"What became of the bodies?"

"I attended to that. I put D. Blissac in a cab and shipped him off to the hotel."

"And Gedge?"

"I put him in another and sent him up to the Chatty-o. I told the chauffeur to ring the front doorbell and go on ringing till somebody answered it and then hand in the corpse and tell them to put it on ice and come away."

Mr. Slattery paused a little complacently. Once more he perceived that his audience's attention had wandered.

"Maybe you don't think that was smooth?" he said, aggrieved.

Packy started apologetically:

"I'm sorry. I was thinking. I've just had an idea, and I don't often get them. Look here, are you feeling equal to making the trip ashore? Because, if so,

(Continued on page 36)

Not One . . . but TWO *Coatings*

A First coating prevents this washed-out, weak effect, by correcting *over*exposure. **B** Second coating prevents this blackish, sooty effect, by correcting *under*exposure.

The two coatings combined, one slow and one fast, assure proper exposure throughout the picture and give you this clear, crisp snapshot, rich in detail.

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HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM OTHER FILMS

1 Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.

2 Highly color sensitive. Especially to yellows and greens, the colors which predominate in nature.

3 Halation "fuzz" prevented by a light-absorbing colored backing on the film.

4 Finer detail in highlights, portions representing light parts of the subject.

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6 Translucent, instead of transparent, so the superiorities listed above can be seen by a glance at the negative.

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"So the clerk told you these shirts wouldn't shrink, eh?"

"QUITE a comedian, wasn't he? Telling you these shirts wouldn't shrink. Look at those sleeves. They've crept halfway to my elbows. Notice those shirt tails. They're so short now you might run an elastic through them and I'll wear the shirt as a blouse. And the collar—watch me choke when I try to button *that!* Won't shrink? Bah! You can give the lot to the ash man!"

* * *

What an extravagance they are—those perfectly good shirts that have shrunk beyond all wearing! Be done with shrinking shirts—switch to Arrow. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees *permanent* fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered, or you get your money back.

And what a fit that is. The experience gained in tailoring four billion collars gives Arrow Shirts a trim, smart fit to the collar that's the despair of other shirt-makers. And the collar—remember—is the part of a shirt that the world judges you by—the part that completes or destroys that well-dressed look. Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars.

To enjoy perfect fit—and permanent fit—insist upon Arrow Shirts. Get the correct size, the correct sleeve length, and rest assured they'll *stay* that size. Don't let "bargain" claims lead you into temptation. What you really want is value, not "bargain." Try the famous Trump, of specially woven broadcloth. Collar attached or neckband for starched collars. Only $1.95. If the shirt hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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ARROW SHIRTS *SANFORIZED SHRUNK*

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

(Continued from page 35)

I'll row you in. I would rather like to have a word with the Veek."

"Who's he?"

"Your old friend, V. D. Blissac. You sent him back to the hotel, you said. Would there be any chance of his having come to life yet?"

"Maybe. What do you want to see him about?"

"Oh, just something. Just something that happened to occur to me while you were talking."

"Well, I don't know as I'm not about ready to hit the hay."

"Fine. Then we'll start at once. By the way, that offer of yours to crack a safe for me, if desired, still holds good?"

"Brother," said Mr. Slattery, with fervor, "after what you done for me tonight, I'd bust the national bank for you."

THERE was good stuff in the Vicomte de Blissac. Many men in his condition would have remained where they had been dumped, inert, till the following morning. But it was scarcely an hour after the pallbearers had laid him on the bed in his room at the Hôtel des Étrangers before he was, in a manner of speaking, up and about.

He had just renewed the contents of a sponge and was passing it gently across his brow when he became aware of a knocking on the door; and, limping to open it, discovered on the threshold his friend, Packy Franklyn.

"Allo," said the vicomte in a weak voice.

Packy did not reply. He had come into the room and was now closing the door with every circumstance of wariness and caution.

The vicomte watched him with growing distaste.

"What do you doing?" he asked.

"Sh!" said Packy.

The vicomte sat down on the bed and put his head between his hands. He was in no mood for this sort of thing.

Looking up a moment later, he found that Packy was regarding him with a kind of anxious concern.

"Veek!"

"Allo?"

"Brace yourself up, old man."

"Why?"

"Because I've some rather bad news for you."

A shooting pain passed through the vicomte's head. All this was making him exercise his brain, and it was imperative that for some little time to come he should think as sparingly as possible.

"Bad news?"

"About poor Gedge."

"Gedge? What about Gedge?"

"It seems very doubtful if he will recover."

The vicomte blinked.

"He has obtained an accident, then?"

"Veek," said Packy reproachfully, "I'm your friend. What on earth is the sense of bluffing with me? I'm not the police."

"Police?"

Packy went to the door and opened it quickly. Apparently reassured, he returned to the bed and put a brotherly hand on his companion's shoulder.

"There's only one thing to be done," he said. "You must lie low here till the hue and cry has died down."

"But I do not understand."

Packy's eyebrows rose.

"You surely can't have forgotten having the fight with Gedge?"

"What about it?"

"What *about* it? Well, you practically killed the man."

The vicomte had leaped from the bed, and was staring wide-eyed.

"But, my Packy, it was nothing but a tiny little turn-up on the floor such as almost always occurs. You cannot mean this what you say that I injured seriously this Gedge? Why, we sat together and had some drinks after and he was as well as a violin."

"You are speaking now of the first fight?"

"Do not tell me we had another?"

Packy patted his shoulder and turned away.

"What happened?" demanded the vicomte pallidly.

"Don't ask me."

"But when?"

"No, don't ask. If you've forgotten, it is much better that you shouldn't know. Otherwise, you might worry."

"Worry!"

"There is just a chance that you will be all right if you lie low. It was darned good luck that you happened to be wearing that lizard costume. The beak hid your face. I don't suppose really that anybody would be able actually to identify you. But it's no good taking chances. You mustn't stir from this room for several days. You understand that, of course?"

"But, my Packy, I am engaged to arrive at the Château!"

He gazed at Packy in deep agitation. It was plain to him from the expression on his face that his friend had forgotten this.

"That's true," said Packy thoughtfully. "Yes, of course."

"I do not arrive, suppose, and what occurs? These Gedges telegraph to my mamma. . . ."

"Mr. Gedge, I'm afraid, will hardly be in a condition to telegraph to anyone for a long while. If ever. He's written his last telegram, poor chap, I very much fear."

Packy remained plunged in thought.

"Veek," he said suddenly, "there's *only one* way out. Obviously, you can't go to the château. A nice thing that would be—you arriving and being shown to your room and stopping suddenly on the stairs and saying to the butler, 'What was that curious sound I just heard? Is somebody playing the castanets?' and him replying, 'That was Mr. Gedge's death rattle, sir, thank you, sir.' It wouldn't do. You can see that for yourself. No, the only thing to be done is for me to go in your place. I wouldn't do it for everybody, but you're *a pal and I'd like to help you in this jam. I* will go to the château."

"But . . ."

"Mrs. Gedge has never seen you. Mr. Gedge has seen you, but is in no condition to meet company. I could get away with it nicely."

A MOMENT'S reflection, and the vicomte was convinced. It hurt his head to do so, but he burst into a torrent of broken thanks. Packy waved his gratitude aside.

"There isn't much I wouldn't do to help a pal like you, Veek," he said, with emotion. "Now, you go to bed and have a nice long sleep, and in the morning you tell them that you've got a slight chill and will require your meals sent up till further notice."

"Yes, Packy."

"Don't stir from this room on any account."

"No, Packy."

"And you'd better give me that beastly costume of yours. The cops are probably scouring the town for its owner at this very moment. I'll take it back to my boat and drop it overboard. And I hope," said Packy, a little priggishly, perhaps, but the subject was one on which he felt deeply, "that this will be a lesson to you not to go to fancy-dress balls as a lizard. If fewer people went about the place pretending to be lizards," said Packy, "this would be a better and a sweeter world."

(To be continued next week)

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

"I have no recollection that they were spoken by anybody. I merely remembered them, just before I came up the steps a little while ago. When and where I heard them I haven't the slightest idea. But I'm ready, Mr. Hewlett. I'm afraid I can't be of the least assistance, but all the same I'm at your service."

He stood up and I detected again that queer expression upon his face.

"I suppose," I added, "Miss Barton is in her room?"

Hewlett bit his lip and glanced swiftly aside. He was a man suddenly and deeply embarrassed. In a grave voice which he tried to make sympathetic:

"It's hard to have to tell you, Mr. Greville," he replied, "but it's for Miss Barton we are searching."

"*What!*"

I had turned, already heading for the door, when those words fell upon my ears. I grasped the speaker by both shoulders and, staring into his eyes like a madman:

"Miss Barton! What do you mean? What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Go steady, Mr. Greville," said Hewlett, and gripped my forearms tightly, reassuringly. "Above all things, keep your nerve."

"But—" my voice shook almost hysterically—"she was with Reggie Humphreys, the Airways pilot. . . . I left her dancing with him!"

"That was a long time ago, Mr. Greville," was the reply, spoken gently. "Half an hour after the time you mention, there was a perfect hue and cry because *you* had disappeared. The hotel was searched and finally Sir Denis got through to my office. Then the cabman turned up reporting your disappearance and where it had taken place. He reported to the central police station first, and then came on here."

"But," I began, "but when . . ."

"I know what you're going to ask, but I can't answer you, because nobody seems to know. There's only one scrap of evidence. An Egyptian chauffeur brought a note to one of the servants here, and requested him to give it to Miss Barton. He telephoned to her room, found her there and she immediately came down. From that moment, the man (I have examined him closely) lost sight of her. But his impression, unconfirmed, is that she ran out onto the terrace. From which moment, Mr. Greville, I regret to say, nothing has been seen or heard of her."

MY FRAME of mind when the new day broke is better left to the imagination. I was convinced that my brain could not long sustain such stress. Maltreated already by an administration of some damnable drug, this further imposition was too great. I sat in the chief's room in the light of early morning. Birds were flying from tree to tree outside in the garden; and I could hear the sound of a broom as a man below swept the sanded path.

Sir Lionel had gone to his room to rest, and Dr. Petrie had been recalled to his house by professional duties. Nayland Smith walked up and down in front of the open window. He looked haggard—a sick man; and his eyes were burning feverishly. Suddenly he stopped, turned, and stared at me very hard.

"Look at me, Greville," he said, "and listen closely."

His words were spoken with such a note of authority that I was startled out of my misery. I met that steady glance, as:

"He will be crowned in Damascus," said Nayland Smith distinctly.

I felt my eyes opening more widely as if under the influence of that compelling stare. Even as I realized that this was a shot at random, and grasped the purpose of the experiment, it succeeded—in a measure.

For one incalculable instant I saw with my mind's eye an incredibly dirty old beggar-man, hobbling along on a crutch. My expression must have given the clue, for:

"Quick!" rapped Nayland Smith. "What are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," I replied in a flat, toneless voice, which during these last agonizing hours I had come to recognize as my own—"that those words were spoken by a very old man carrying a crutch."

"Keep your mind on that figure, Greville," Nayland Smith ordered. "Don't lose it, but don't get excited. You are sure it was a crutch—not a stick?"

I SHOOK my head sadly. I thought I knew what he was driving at. Dr. Fu Manchu, on the one occasion (so far as I remembered) that I had ever set eyes upon him, had supported his weight upon a heavy stick.

"It was a crutch," I replied. "I can hear the tap of it now."

"Did it *crunch?* Was the man walking on gravel—on sand?"

"No! A clear tap. It must have been on stone."

"Did he speak in English?"

"Yes. I am almost sure the words were spoken in English."

"Did he say 'Damas,' or 'Damascus'?"

"Damascus."

"Anything else?"

"No—it's all gone again."

I dropped my head into my hands as Nayland Smith began to walk up and down before the window.

"Do you know, Greville," he said, speaking slowly and deliberately, "that your memory of those words—for I am perfectly convinced that you really heard them—relieves my mind of a certain anxiety in regard to Rima."

I looked up.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"It concerns my first opinion that her disappearance was arranged, and arranged with fiendish ingenuity, by the Fu Manchu group. This can only mean one thing, Greville. She has been abducted for a definite purpose. Had it been otherwise, in these rather disturbed times, I should have feared that her abduction had been undertaken for personal reasons. You understand what I mean?"

I nodded miserably.

Nayland Smith stepped across and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Buck up, old chap. I think I know how you feel. But there's nothing to despair about. Take my word for it: we shall have news of her before noon."

Hoping, doubting, I looked up at the speaker.

"You don't say that just to try to ease my mind?"

"To do so would be a false kindness. I say it because I believe it."

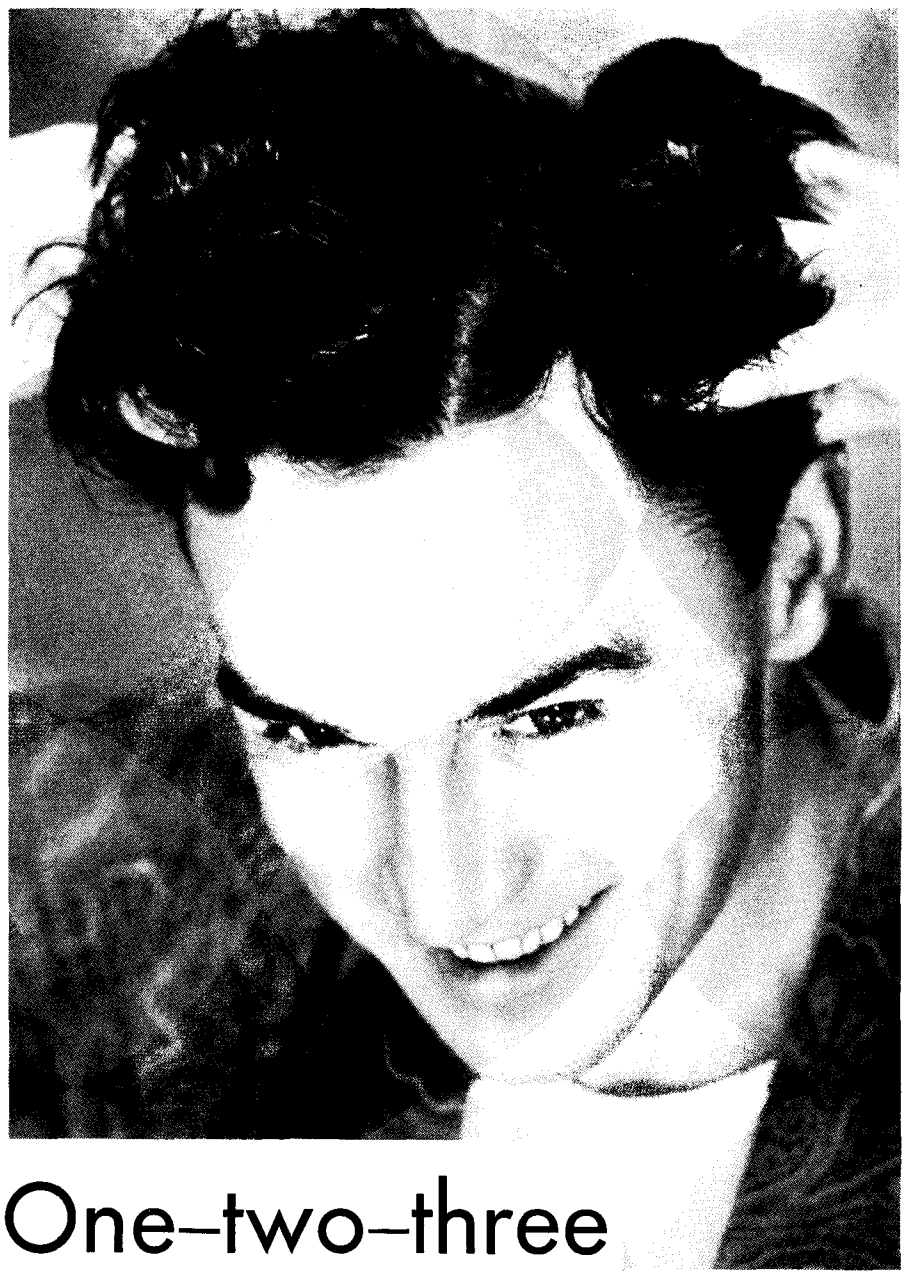
"You mean. . . ?"

"I mean that Rima is to be used as an instrument to bring Sir Lionel to reason."

"By heavens!" I sprang up, hope reborn in my heart. "Of course! Of course! It will be a case of ransom!"

"Rima's life against the relics of the Prophet," Nayland Smith returned dryly. He began to walk up and down

(Continued on page 38)



One–two–three Dandruff Disappears

If you want to keep your hair get rid of dandruff. It is not only unsightly, but a real menace to the health of your scalp and hair.

Ordinary dandruff responds quickly to the right kind of treatment. Once a week before your regular shampoo give your scalp a rousing treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Massage the Tonic thoroughly into the scalp. Don't rub, but press the head firmly with the finger tips and work round and round, until the scalp feels loose. This stimulates the circulation. Then for five minutes steam the head in towels that have been wrung out in hot water. This drives in the Tonic, intensifies its action, loosens encrusted dandruff. Follow with a thorough shampoo. Simple, isn't it? And the best thing you can do to overcome dandruff. Why not give it a trial?

RADIO

TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC COAST TO COAST BLUE NETWORK 9 P. M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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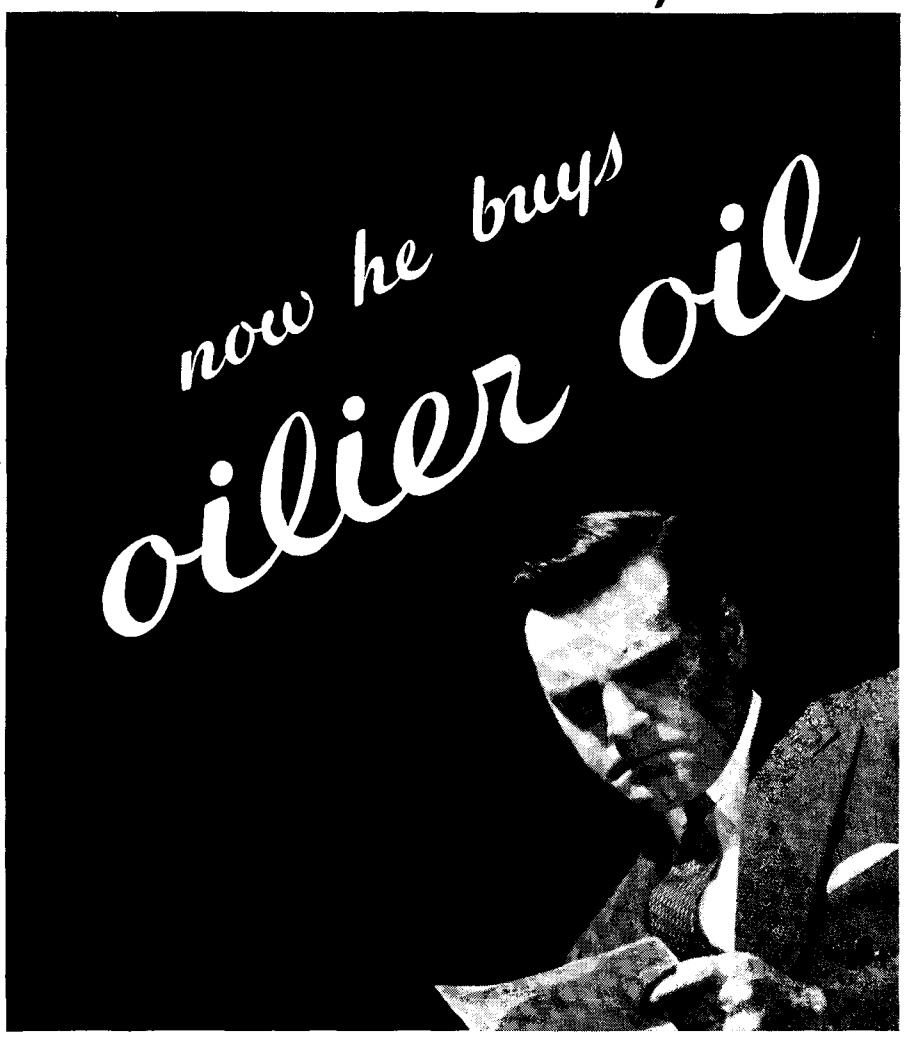
He STORMED at his repair bills



BILLS, BILLS, BILLS . . . one wallet-jolt after another . . . and then he stumbled onto a simple fact about oil that set him thinking.

Think about oil and you begin to get somewhere, because poor lubrication causes most motor trouble and costs you plenty.

The fact is, that oil refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude is really *oilier* than others. The crude oil, just as it flows from the wells, is oilier and more slippery than other crudes. Nature blessed it with a mysterious *extra* lubricating ability. In refining, all the natural advantages of the crude are perfected and fitted to the specific needs of your motor.

This oilier oil *fights heat* as no other oil can. It holds all the power behind your pistons, where all of it can work. Your engine has more power. More pep. More *go!*

That extra oiliness *lasts*, too! You don't have to add or change oil nearly so often. A real saving.

And your motor is fully protected from oil failure—the burned bearings, scored rings, pitted pistons which cause big BILLS.

For protection, economy and satisfaction, demand—and *get*—an *oilier* oil, a 100% Pure Pennsylvania oil!

FREE BOOKLET!

"$1000 Worth of Information on Motor Oils" will help *you* avoid repair bills. Write for it—today—to Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Dept. C-2, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

This emblem appears on many different brands of motor oil. It guarantees that the oil which displays it is made 100% from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Crude Oil Association

AN ORGANIZATION EMBRACING PRODUCERS, REFINERS AND MARKETERS OF HIGH GRADE 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

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(*Continued from page 37*)

again. "And this time, Greville, the enemy will score. Not even Barton could hesitate."

"Hesitate!" I cried. "Why, if he has to be forced to give them up at the point of a gun—give them up he shall!"

"I don't think such persuasion will be necessary, Greville. Barton is a monument of selfishness where his professional enthusiasms are concerned, but he has a heart, and a big one at that."

I dropped back into my seat again. A flood of relief had swept over me, for I believed Nayland Smith's solution of the mystery to be the correct one. Truth to tell, I was physically tired to the point of exhaustion; yet sleep, I knew, was utterly impossible.

AND I sat there, watching that apparently tireless man; haggard, but alert, bright-eyed, pacing up and down—up and down—his brain as clear and his nerves as cool as if he were fresh from his morning bath. Even the chief, who had the constitution of a healthy ox, had collapsed some time before, and was now sleeping like a log.

I was conscious of an acute pain in the tendon behind my left ankle and, stooping, I began to rub it. As I did so:

"What's the matter?" Nayland Smith asked sharply.

"I don't know," I replied, and lifting my foot I rolled my sock down and examined the painful spot.

"By Jove! Something has cut in there. And my other ankle is painful, too, but in front."

"Let me see," he said rapidly. "Rest both feet on this chair, here."

Whereupon he stooped and examined my ankles with the utmost care, and finally:

"You have been tied," he said, "and, from the appearance of your ankles, brutally tied with some very thin and presumably strong material." He glanced up, smiling sourly. "I think, Greville, I have a length of that same mysterious material carefully preserved among my belongings."

He watched me steadily and I knew what he hoped for.

"No!" I shook my head sadly. "I have undoubtedly been tied, as you surmise, but I have no recollection whatever of the matter."

"Damn!" he rapped, and stood upright. "I can't help you in this case. There's no cue word, you see, to arouse that drugged memory. By heaven, Greville—" he suddenly shook his clenched fist in the air—"if I and those behind me can defeat the genius of this one old man we shall have accomplished a feat which Homer might have sung. He is stupendous!"

He ceased suddenly, and began to stare at me again.

"H'm!" he added, "I am forgetting how to keep my head in difficult moments. I have allowed elementary routine to go to the winds. Have you by any chance examined the contents of your pockets since you returned?"

"No!" I replied in surprise; "it never occurred to me."

"Be good enough to turn out all your pockets, and place their contents upon this table."

Mechanically I obeyed. A wallet, a pipe, a pouch, a cigarette case, I extracted from various pockets and laid down upon the table. A box of matches, a pocketknife, a bunch of keys, some loose money, a handkerchief, a trouser button, two toothpicks and an automatic lighter—which never functioned but which I carried as a habit.

"That's the lot," I announced, dully.

"Anything missing?"

"Not that I can remember."

Nayland Smith took up my cigarette case, opened it and glanced inside.

"How many cigarettes were in your case when you left?"

I paused for a moment, and then:

"None," I replied, confidently. "I remember dropping my last in the garden here, just before I sighted Fah Lo Suee."

He took up my pipe; it was filled, but had not been lighted.

"Odd, isn't it?" he asked. "Remember anything about this?"

I dropped my weary head into my hands again, thinking hard, and at last:

"Yes," I replied. "I remember that I never lighted it."

Nayland Smith sniffed at the tobacco, opened my pouch and sniffed at the contents also; then:

"Is your small change all right?"

"To the best of my recollection."

"Examine the wallet. You probably know exactly what you had there."

I obeyed; and at the first glance I made a singular discovery.

A small envelope of thick gray paper, containing a bulky enclosure, protruded from one of the pockets of the wallet!

"Sir Denis!" I said excitedly, "this wasn't here. This doesn't belong to me!"

"It does now," he replied grimly and, stooping, he pulled out the envelope from the wallet which I held in my hand.

"'Shan Greville, Private,'" he read aloud. "Do you know the writing?"

I stared at the envelope which he had placed on the table before me. Yes, that handwriting was familiar—hauntingly familiar, but difficult to place. Where had I seen it before?

"Well?"

It was queer, square writing, the horizontal strokes written very thickly, and the ink used was of a peculiar shade of green. I looked up.

"Yes, I have seen it—somewhere."

"Good. As it is addressed to you, and marked 'private,' perhaps you had better open it."

I tore open the small square envelope. It contained a single sheet of the same thick gray paper, folded, in which was a little piece of muslin, a tiny extemporized bag, tied with green silk. It contained some small, hard object, and I placed it on the table, glancing at Nayland Smith, and then began to read the note written in green ink upon the gray paper. This is what I read:

"I do not want you to suffer because of what I have been compelled to do. You love Rima. If she does not come back—trust me. I am not jealous. I send you a tablet which must be dissolved in half a liter of matured white wine, and which you must drink as quickly as possible. I trust you also—*to burn this letter.* To help you I say: He will be crowned in Damascus."

THIS I read aloud, then dropped the letter on the table and glanced at Nayland Smith. He was watching me fixedly.

"He will be crowned in Damascus," he echoed. "Quick! Do those words, now, take you back any further?"

I shook my head.

"Do you know the writing? Think."

"I am thinking. Yes, I have it! I have only seen it once before in my life."

"Well?"

"It's the writing of Fu Manchu's daughter—Fah Lo Suee!"

Sir Denis snapped his fingers and began to walk up and down again.

"I knew it!" he snapped. "Greville! Greville! It's the old days over again! But this time we're dealing with a she-devil. And dare we trust her? Dare we trust her?"

I was untying the little packet and from it I dropped an ordinary-looking

(*Continued on page 40*)

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Faces that laugh at weather

Barbasol

To Prevent Sun-Parched Skin
SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER

GUARD the net and back-court—nothing matters but the game, with a swift ball flying and lightning backhands dusting the baseline!

But smart players also guard the face from overhead sun-shots and burning returns from the white, glaring court.

Women do it with creams—and men SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER—they use Barbasol!

You've seen outdoor faces when they're as crackly as parchment, as dry as Sahara—but never shaved with Barbasol. Because it is a cream, free from harsh, biting alkalis, Barbasol leaves the skin soft, smooth and pliable for hours after shaving. And its wonderful ingredients furnish sure protection from sunburn and balm-like healing power.

With Barbasol, you need no brush—no lather—no rub-in. Like magic, this cool, quick shaving cream softens the beard instantly, yet holds the whiskers erect for a close, clean cut. And your razor gliding through on a thin film of cream, whisks them off in a flash.

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these instructions and you'll follow the crowd.

Wet your face and leave it wet. Spread on Barbasol. (No need for a vigorous rub-in.)

Wet a good blade—and SHAVE.

That's all there is to the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢, will quickly make you a Barbasol Believer, too.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed below.

BARBASOL RADIO BROADCASTS

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue network, coast to coast.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

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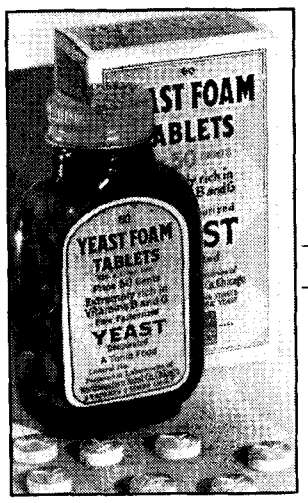
Marjorie discovers how to get a lovely complexion

ANOTHER LONELY NIGHT AT HOME FOR MARJORIE. NOBODY EVER TAKES HER OUT ANYMORE
"IT MUST BE MY HORRID COMPLEXION THAT'S KEEPING THEM AWAY!"
"WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ABOUT IT - NONE OF THESE PREPARATIONS SEEMS TO HELP ME VERY MUCH"
"JANET HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY?"
"I EAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS-DARLING. THEY'VE DONE WONDERS FOR ME"
"JANET WAS A PERFECT ANGEL TO TELL ME ABOUT THIS NEW YEAST - ITS REALLY GOOD TO EAT. I LOVE IT AND IT'S CLEARING UP MY SKIN WONDERFULLY"
TWO MONTHS LATER
NOW LOOK AT MARJORIE NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS FOR HER!

Here's a Yeast you'll like!

Thousands of women have found Yeast Foam Tablets a great beauty aid. These tablets of pure concentrated yeast give tone to your nervous system, promote regular elimination, cleanse your skin from the inside! Ugly eruptions and hateful blemishes yield to the corrective action of this natural food tonic. Yeast Foam Tablets are good to eat. They cannot cause gas or fermentation. A 10-day bottle costs only 50c at any druggist's. Get one today. Then watch the results in your mirror.

Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh for Months



• **Better Late Than Never**—*"I have been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for two weeks, and am so full of life and vitality—I could kick myself for not trying them sooner. They are a splendid tonic for the nerves and you should see how the blemishes have vanished from my skin."*—GADSDEN, ALA.

On The Air Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Daylight Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ *and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., C6
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 38

tablet, small, round and white, upon the table.

"Personally," I said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, "I would as soon think of following the instructions in her letter as of jumping out of that window."

Nayland Smith stared at me coldly. "Can you conceive of any object which would be served by bringing your death about in so complicated a manner?"

"Frankly, no," I admitted. "But we have had experience in the past, Sir Denis, of remarkable behavior on the part of persons subjected to the poisons of Dr. Fu Manchu."

"You are thinking of an attempt once made unconsciously by Rima to murder *me?*" he suggested. "I had thought of this. Don't imagine I haven't taken it into account. But no agent of Dr. Fu Manchu, with such an object in mind, could be so clumsy as this."

He pointed to the tablet upon the table. "I suppose you're right," I said dully. "But all the same, you are not suggesting that I should follow out these instructions?"

Nayland Smith shook his head.

"I am merely suggesting," he answered, "that you should keep this remarkable clue. It may have its uses, later."

Already he was sniffing at the paper and envelope, scrutinizing the writing—holding the sheet up to the light—examining its texture.

"Very remarkable," he murmured, and turning, stared at me fixedly.

PERSONALLY, I was on the verge of collapse, and knew it. My brain was a veritable circus; my body was deadly weary. Desperately though anxiety rode me, I would have given all I had for one hour of sleep, of forgetfulness, of relief from this fever which was burning me up. Nayland Smith came forward and seating himself beside me put his arm around my shoulders.

"Listen, Greville," he said. "Petrie is due back in a few minutes now. He won't have long to spare. But I'm going to make him put you to sleep. You understand?"

I had never in my life stood so near to the borders of hysteria.

"Thanks," I replied; "of course I do. And I'll submit to it; but there's a proviso. . . ."

"What is it?"

"Not for more than an hour. I can't bear the thought of lying like a log while I might be of use to her."

He gripped me tightly for a moment, and then stood up:

"You are off duty," he snapped dryly. "I'm in charge, and you'll take my orders. When Petrie comes, you'll do exactly as Petrie directs. In the meantime, have I your permission to examine and photograph this letter? **You will,** then, quite properly wish to destroy it as your correspondent directs."

I agreed. At which very moment the door was thrown open, and Petrie came in. One glance he cast at Sir Denis, and then directed that searching professional gaze upon me; the analytical look of a diagnostician. I saw that he was not favorably impressed.

"Smith," he said, with another glance at Sir Denis, "our friend here must sleep."

Nayland Smith nodded.

"It's not going to be easy," Petrie continued. "You're most terribly overwrought, Greville. But if you share my opinion that sleep is necessary, I think I can manage you."

"I do," I replied.

"In that event, the matter is simple enough. We will go up to your room, now."

"Wake up, old chap, there's good news!"

I opened my eyes, to find myself staring up into the face of Nayland Smith. My brain was confused; I could not coordinate circumstances, and:

"What is it?" I asked drowsily. "What's the time?"

"Never mind the time, Greville. Wake up! There's work for you."

Then full consciousness came. But before I had time to clear the borderland:

"He will be crowned in Damascus," said Nayland Smith, staring intently into my eyes.

His gaze held me; but in the moment that he spoke I had seen that Dr. Petrie stood behind him, that I was lying in my room. Even as I realized what he was endeavoring to do, I realized also that he had partially succeeded.

For my memory was thrown back, as he willed it to be, to the pavement of the Shâria Kâmel. Dawn, as I recalled the scene, was not far off. And I was walking in the direction of Shepheard's. Out of the shadows of that recess where the shops lie back, a ragged figure approached me, whining for *bakshish*. I saw him clearly; every line and lineament of his dirty face, his straggly gray beard, his ragged garments, his crutch. I could hear it tapping on the pavement.

I saw myself give him alms, and turn away; I heard his words: "He will be crowned in Damascus." I knew again the mystification which had descended upon me in that moment; and felt the depth of wonder about where I had been, and of how I came to find myself in that place, at that time.

Starting up in bed:

"It was an old *beggar-man*," I cried hoarsely, "in the Shâria Kâmel, who spoke those words!"

And whilst Nayland Smith and Petrie listened eagerly, I told them all that I had remembered. And concluding:

"What's the news?" I demanded, now fully awake, and conscious that my hours of sleep had given me new life.

"It's as I predicted, Greville," Nayland Smith replied. "She is being held for ransom."

I SPRANG out onto the floor. Queerly enough, that news came like balm to my troubled mind. Rima was in the hands of Dr. Fu Manchu! A dreadful thought, one would suppose—but better, far, far better than doubt. One thing at least, I knew definitely: that if terms had been demanded by the Chinaman, it remained only strictly to carry them out.

The most evil man I had ever known, he was also, according to his own peculiar code, the most honorable. I met Nayland Smith's glance, and knew that he understood me.

"I have burned your letter, Greville," he said quietly.

"Thank you," I replied. "And now, tell me: Who brought the news?"

"The messenger is in Barton's room," Dr. Petrie answered, watching me with keen professional interest. "How do you feel? Fairly fit?"

"Thanks to you, I feel a new man."

Nayland Smith smiled and glanced aside at Petrie.

"You may recall," he said, "that no less an authority than Dr. Fu Manchu always regarded your great talents as wasted, Petrie!"

(To be continued next week)

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Steak with Onions

Continued from page 15

book about the mineral resources of Africa. She read that John Blake, a young American, had reported a rich gold strike in Rhodesia.

Cynthia asked him about it. He asked her where she'd seen the reference. She said she didn't remember.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I didn't report it. I didn't even know they had said I had until I came out—a year later."

"They wanted to sell stock," Cynthia said.

He nodded. "Of course. They did, too. I resigned."

"That was how you came to be a chauffeur?"

"Yes, Miss Mainwaring," he said.

"Do you know where you're going when you take to prospecting again? Have you picked out the place?"

"I'm going to Canada as soon as the spring break-up comes—to the far north. I'm going to ask for a few days off soon to run up to Montreal and see what I can arrange."

CYNTHIA suggested to Kate Lawton the next afternoon that they get together a party to go to Montreal for the opening of Avery St. John's new play.

"But I thought you didn't like Avery," Kate Lawton said.

"I don't. But I think it would be fun to drive up. I can have Blake and the car. You can dig up another car."

They were all very gay in Montreal. But Cynthia could not be gay. She had begun to feel that John Blake meant exactly what he said and that she could not do anything about it. She turned over endless plans for making him do something about it.

It rained. It rained for three days. Cynthia read that every river in New England was overflowing its banks and that if the rain continued there would be a repetition of the disastrous flood of 1927. Cynthia remembered that flood. She had been at the Stockbridge house. For three days they'd been marooned. For three days no one had driven a car across the bridge to the paved road.

When Kate Lawton and Alex Woodhull and the rest had gone out Cynthia dressed hurriedly. She emptied a small week-end case and went shopping. She bought a thick steak and a long loaf of French bread that had to be cut in three pieces before she could get it into the case, and sweet butter, and salt, and onions, and coffee. Then she went to a sporting-goods store and bought a frying pan with a detachable handle and a coffeepot with a bail.

She called up the garage as soon as she got back to her room in the hotel and got John Blake and told him that she had suddenly to leave for New York.

"You can make it as quickly as the train, can't you, Blake?" she asked.

"It's half past four now," he said. "If I can start by five I can make New York early tomorrow morning. That's all the train will do."

"That will be splendid, Blake," she said. "It will be quite all right if I get there by nine o'clock in the morning."

Cynthia packed and repacked the week-end case until she managed to pack into it everything it had contained originally and her provisions. She had to put the frying pan and the coffeepot in the small wardrobe trunk that rode on the luggage rack.

Cynthia observed that John Blake had changed. He was still outwardly grave. But he was quietly happy.

"Did you have any luck in Montreal, Blake?" she asked.

"The best, Miss Mainwaring," he said. "I'm going north as soon as the spring break-up comes as the representative of a little syndicate."

"I'm awfully glad, Blake," Cynthia said.

He made the forty or fifty miles to the border in a little more than an hour.

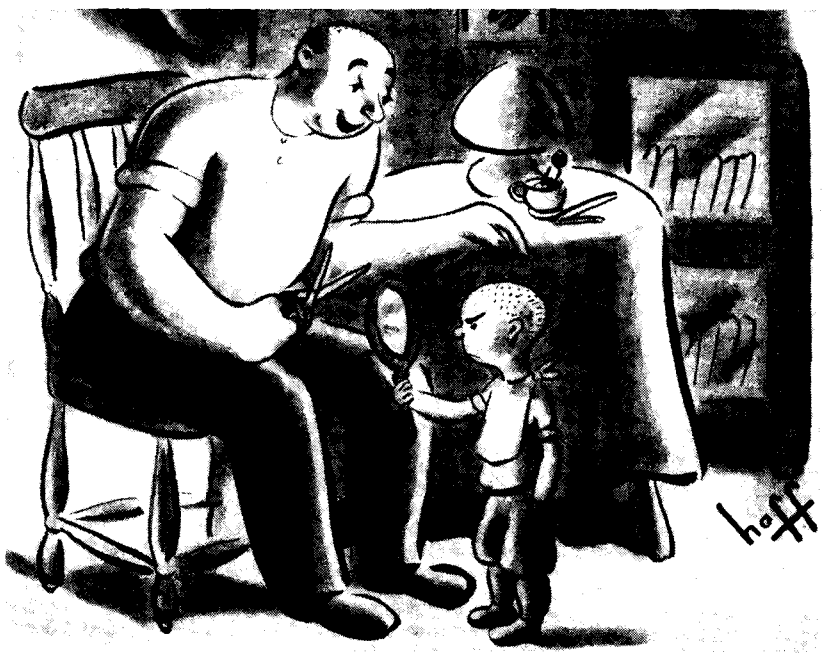
The rain ceased as they entered Vermont. The sun went down against a rosy western sky. The moon came up, full and clear. There were no signs of flood. Cynthia saw that they were not going to be held up by high water. They weren't going to be marooned for the night and have to break into somebody's closed house. But she could still cook a meal in the open and prove to John Blake that she was a fit companion for the wilderness.

John Blake stopped for gas at seven o'clock.

"Miss Mainwaring," he said, "shan't I stop at the next good place where you can dine? There's a roadhouse not far—"

Cynthia knew it was now or never.

(Continued on page 42)



"You'll find it a Paradise in July" *Sydney Hoff*

DETESTABLE those soiled handkerchiefs

Stop *disagreeable washing . . . use* KLEENEX *disposable tissues*

SUPPOSE someone asked you to dip your hands into a solution containing thousands of dangerous germs.

You'd be horrified. You wouldn't dream of it.

Yet that is exactly what you do, every time you wash handkerchiefs, particularly those that have been used during colds.

Perhaps you've thought there was no escape from this repulsive job. That is no longer true—since the discovery of Kleenex.

A disposable handkerchief

Kleenex is truly a *health* handkerchief. It is *disposable* . . . therefore there is no washing. You need not handle loathsome germs.

But—even more important to your health—you need use each tissue only once. Kleenex costs so little. Each tissue costs but the merest fraction of a cent. So you can destroy each tissue, germs and all, as soon as it is used. You don't endanger yourself from self-infection. You don't hide germs away in laundry bags, to spread through other clothing.

Valuable for children

Children especially need Kleenex. They need protection from self-infection because they catch cold so easily, and so often develop complications. And every mother knows how children lose handkerchiefs!

The cost of Kleenex is now so low that everyone can use it liberally. Buy several packages.

Try some of the other uses for Kleenex! Use a tissue to smooth in rouge and lipstick, and wipe off surplus powder. Use a tissue to apply ointments; to wipe spectacles, crystal, silverware, razors and blades.

You'll find Kleenex at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Building Chicago, Illinois CO-6

Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

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OUT UNDER Open skies

Your BIGGEST BARGAIN in Outboard Motors is JOHNSON Dependability

IT'S TIME, fishermen! Another week and the old casting arm goes into action. Another week and you'll again greet the sun across an expanse of red and gold-flecked water.

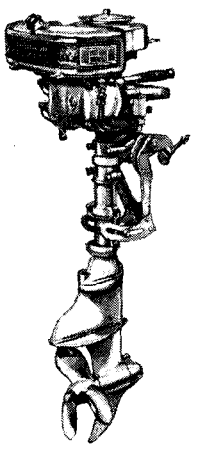
You've probably got your spot all picked out. Good! We hope it's full of fish. But why not fish *all* your favorite grounds, as you can with a Johnson powered boat?

You don't own a boat? Then you need a SEA-HORSE Single. It's the world's lightest outboard—27½ lbs.—easy to take from lake to lake and an ideal motor for any fishing boat you hire along the way.

If you have a cottage you'll want a SEA-HORSE 4 or 12 for fishing and general family pleasure. They're powerful. And they have *Parallel Twin* Cylinders, with Alternate Firing (for *smooth* power flow) and Underwater Exhaust *combined* with Full Pivot Steering.

It's time, fishermen, to see your Johnson dealer—to get that free demonstration—to learn how little it costs to enjoy smooth, dependable outboard motoring all summer long, and for years to come—out under open skies.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
200 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Canadian Johnson Motor Co. Ltd., Peterboro, Canada



SEA-HORSE SERIES
$115.00 and up
From the world's lightest outboard to the super power of the SEA-HORSE 32, Johnson offers you a brilliant and dependable motor for every outboard need.

STANDARD MODELS
as low as $97.50
Two big values. Light Twin, 3 normal h. p., $97.50. Standard Twin, 7 normal h. p., $135.00. Underwater Exhaust on both.
(Prices f. o. b. Waukegan, Ill.)

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

Write for a copy of the SEA-HORSE Handy Chart which gives complete specifications of the entire 1932 series of Johnson outboard motors.

(Continued from page 41)

"John," she said, "I've got a steak and things in my luggage. I thought we'd stop and build a fire and cook it."

"What!" he said.

"You pick out the place," she said. "Pick out a place where we can find wood and water and I'll do the rest."

"Very well, Miss Mainwaring," he said.

He stopped a few yards beyond the next brook they crossed and ran the car into a woods road.

"Now," Cynthia said, "if you'll get a bit of dry wood."

John Blake hunted up dead branches in the light of the headlamps. Cynthia got out the steak and things; and the coffeepot and the frying pan. Then she set to work.

JOHN BLAKE sat on his heels and watched her. She felt he was opposed to the whole idea, but he said nothing.

"When you taste this steak," Cynthia said, "you'll feel better."

"Yes," he said, "I'm sure I will."

Cynthia took the half pound of butter she'd bought and cut it in two. She poised the butter over the pan, and as she did so the pan tipped a little. Cynthia seized it by the handle to steady it. The handle was hot. Cynthia dropped it. The pan tipped over, knocking the coffee pot off its perch and spilling the butter and the steak into the fire. The butter blazed up madly.

Cynthia sat down on the rest of the butter and realized what she had done and jumped to her feet and saw that there was no saving the steak or the onions or anything. She had ruined everything. Instead of proving to John Blake that she was a woman who could cook a meal in the open she'd shown herself to be absolutely and completely incompetent. She took one look at his face and burst into tears.

John Blake took her in his arms and patted her on the back as awkwardly as men always pat women on the back when they cry.

"There, there," he said. "Forget it."

"I—I—I w-w-wanted to eat dinner w-w-with y-y-you," she sobbed. "And n-n-now I've spoiled everything."

John Blake held her close. "You poor darling," he said. "You poor darling little girl."

Cynthia sniffed against his shoulder. Cynthia lifted her face to his. He kissed her tenderly. He kissed her again and again.

"You—you will take me with you—won't you—John?" she said. "Even if—if I haven't learned to cook on a camp fire."

"I love you," John Blake said. "I'm mad about you. Of course I'll take you with me. Let's put this fire out and drive down the road to the place I had in mind. I've got a tweed suit on under this chauffeur's outfit. All I have to do is leave my uniform in the car and I can be your escort. We might even be able to dance a dance or two."...

"And now," John Blake said, when they sat opposite each other at a table with a snowy cloth and bright silver and candles, "have you any suggestions?"

"It's up to you, John," she said. "Though I would—I would like steak and onions."

John Blake smiled at her.

"Steak and onions," he said to the waiter.

On his way out the waiter put a record on the phonograph. The record was Sleepy Time Down South.

"Will you dance, Cynthia?"

"I'd love to," Cynthia said.

They danced and while they danced he admitted that he didn't mind facing her father and mother.

"And," Cynthia said, her head on his shoulder, "you thought you didn't love me."

"I loved you," John Blake said. "But it was only when I saw how utterly helpless you were with that fire that I couldn't resist you."

"You thought I was one of these efficient, managing women," Cynthia said.

"Yes," he said. "I'm afraid I did."

"I'm not," Cynthia said happily. "I'm absolutely inefficient."

"I can't stand capable women," John Blake said.

Love and Laughter

Continued from page 13

toward the Bodcau bottoms. Mamie T. watched his dark shadow as it blended with the vaguer figures of the night. Then she turned her head and looked in the other direction. She sat rigidly silent and watched.

After a while a dim shadow began to take form in the moonlight, and Buldickie walked up to the cabin and stopped. "Moonin' yo'se'f in de moonlight, hunh, baby?" he greeted.

"Who axed you to call me baby?" Mamie T. retorted, and then she laughed.

Buldickie came and sat on the porch beside her. "Rosy-velt gone, hunh?"

"To his aunt's, over on Bodcau. He say he was gonter do some fishin'," Mamie T. explained.

"Makes me no diffunce what he do or what he don't," Buldickie stated, "jest so long as I ain't got to look at him. I swear, jest lookin' at dat nigger make me weary like I been workin' all day."

"Me too," said Mamie T.

"I kind er figgered dat's de way things was," Buldickie said. "I kind er figgered a long-laigged gal like you wan't cut out to live wid a double shovel. I kind er figgered—"

"Aw, you's a big old lie, Buldickie," broke in Mamie T. "You know you ain't figgered dat much about nothin'. Hit takes mind-work to figger all dat much, and you know you ain't never spent dat much time workin' at nothin'."

"Aw, baby," protested Buldickie, "figgerin' 'bout you ain't work. Hit's pyore joy."

"You ain't jest sayin' hit," agreed Mamie T. They both laughed awkwardly.

"Well," concluded Buldickie abruptly, "I'm movin' in."

"Makes me no diffunce," Mamie T. said, mimicking Buldickie. "Only you can't move in too quick to suit me."

When the people on Little Bee Bend learned that Buldickie had moved into Roosevelt's cabin, they laughed. Well, well! Roosevelt might know a heap about holding Johnson grass down in cotton, but he didn't know one-two about holding a woman. And what Buldickie didn't know about handling a double shovel, he did know about handling women. Well, well!

FOR nearly a month Mamie T. and Buldickie lived and lazed life away as though Roosevelt had never existed. But as the hot days and nights slipped by, the cotton in the fields began to ripen.

Then, late one evening, a light shower fell. The next day the sun shone down, hot and bright. Cotton fairly popped open in the steamy heat.

Roosevelt returned to Little Bee Bend that night. He knew without being told that the picking would start in his field,

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and he knew he would be there for the picking. But he did not go to his cabin; he went to the foreman's house by the barn. His business there was brief.

"Giles," he began without preliminaries, "Buldickie is at my house."

Giles appeared neither shocked nor surprised. "What a man do in de field," he said, "is me and de bossman's business. What he do at home is his own."

Roosevelt was disappointed. He turned and went toward his own cabin. Maybe, after all, Buldickie wouldn't be there. Maybe he was just worrying in his mind. Maybe— But no. If Buldickie was not in the cabin, Giles would have told him.

"I'll git him out," Roosevelt said resolutely. "Ain't no nigger do like dat wid me!"

These were bold words for Roosevelt to say. He knew inside his heart that he really didn't mean them. He knew he was no fighter, and he knew no woman was worth fighting about.

IT WAS in this state of indecision that he arrived at the cabin. It was dark inside. But outside, the moonlight was bright. He saw an axe poised in a block of wood by the front steps.

"Maybe I better," he decided, and he picked up the axe casually as though he were going to chop wood, and started inside to beat Buldickie to death with it.

The moonlight outside gave Buldickie the advantage. He could see Roosevelt approaching with the axe, but Roosevelt could not see him inside the dark cabin. Buldickie ran.

Roosevelt, hearing the commotion, hurled the axe disinterestedly at the fleeing Buldickie, but the axe missed, And the rattle and clatter of it against the cabin wall served to accelerate Buldickie's speed.

Later, when the whole thing came before Giles for settlement, Buldickie claimed that he saw Mamie T.'s clothesline stretched in his path across the yard. "But," he explained, "I was goin' too fast to turn outn de way. And efn you hadn't chunked dat axe at me, I'd a missed hit, clear."

But he didn't miss it. He ran into the wire and pulled up the posts to which the wires were attached. Nor did he stop running then. He kept straight out through the cotton field—through Roosevelt's prize cotton field, white as snow and ripe for the pickers—dragging the clothesline and supporting posts behind him.

Naturally, between himself, a twenty-foot clothesline and posts dangling at the ends of the line, Buldickie knocked out some cotton. He knocked out a heap of cotton. But how much?

Roosevelt thought it was five hundred pounds. Mamie T. declared "hit couldn't be mo'n a hund'ed pounds, efn hit's dat much."

Buldickie, who had little interest in cotton, but who felt abused because Roosevelt threw an axe at him, decided to be contrary about it. "Two hund'ed and fifty pounds is all I knocked out," he declared positively, "and dat's all you gonter git f'm me."

The cause was taken to Giles for decision.

"Rosy-velt," he asked, "you and Mamie T. ain't lovin' so good dese days, is you?"

Mamie T. looked out the window and Roosevelt fidgeted in his chair. "I paid three and a ha'f for a pair er licenses to marry her," he said.

"Naw you didn't," Mamie T. interrupted. "De bossman paid for dem licenses and writ hit on yo' commissary ticket."

Roosevelt shrugged his shoulders to indicate lack of further interest.

"Mamie T.," said Giles, "does you love wid Buldickie?"

"Cou'se I does," Mamie T. declared. "Or else I wouldn't—"

"And you loves Mamie T. good, Buldickie?" Giles interrupted.

"I love dat gal to hit pyore hurts my heart," Buldickie declared with enthusiasm.

The foreman looked very judicial for a full minute. Then he drew out a stub of pencil and made numerous and serious-looking figures on a piece of paper. Presently he arrived at a conclusion.

"We got," he decided finally, "a pair er licenses at three and a ha'f, and we got Rosy-velt's five hund'ed pounds agin Buldickie's two-fifty, and agin Mamie T.'s hund'ed." He reviewed his cryptic figures once more. "And all er dat figgers out about like dis:

"Buldickie got to pay for dem licenses, 'cause he de man gonter git de most fun outn 'em." He looked a question at the three contestants, and found no objections. "And den," he continued, "you got to balance off dis cotton. You take and put Mamie T.'s hund'ed agin Buldickie's two-fifty, and dat makes three-fifty." Once more there were no objections to his reasoning, and he continued: "Cou'se Rosy-velt claim he lost five hund'ed pounds, which is mo'n three-fifty. But on de yuther hand, Rosy-velt, you's gainin' three-fifty in money when you don't got to pay for dem licenses, and dat runs into purty high figgers, when you figger cotton at six cents a pound, lint, and you losin' seed cotton."

"I'm losin' de best cotton chopper on de place, too," Roosevelt suggested.

"Naw, you ain't," Buldickie reminded him. "You done lost her."

"And," put in Giles, "hit'll be more cotton choppers 'round hyar when you gits ready for one, next summer."

Roosevelt assented.

With a magnanimous sense of justice, Giles added: "Rosy-velt entitled to de aidge in dis thing, cause hit wan't none er his doin's."

"He th'owed a axe at me," declared Buldickie, "and efn he hadn't—"

"He found a strange mule in his stall," Giles pointed out, "and he entitled to th'ow anything he wants. Dat's his house and what he th'ows at who is his business."

Buldickie was squelched.

"So Rosy-velt is entitled to de aidge," Giles repeated, "an' he gonter git hit." And from the slow, plodding reasoning, the foreman went swiftly to the conclusion: "Buldickie, you gonter give Rosy-velt three hund'ed an fifty pounds er yo' cotton, an' you gonter pay for de licenses. And for dat, you kin take Mamie T. And Rosy-velt, seein' as how hit wan't none er yo' doin's, in de fust place, you gits credit for de licenses, an' three hund'ed and fifty pounds er Buldickie's cotton."

HIS decision reached, he stood up and looked the three contestants in the eye. "Ev'ybody happy?" he asked. And there was no dissent.

The settlement was made known all over the plantation. But nobody laughed. Nothing funny had happened. When Roosevelt threw the axe and hit the cabin wall instead of Buldickie, the details brought not even a chuckle. And when Buldickie raced through the cotton field, dragging a twenty-foot clothesline after him, it was all very solemn and sober. The whole thing was merely a social adjustment, wrought, as the Widow Duck stated, by God.

But the next day, when Buldickie rubbed Brother's head with a curry-comb, up at the barn, everybody on the Bend laughed. And a few weeks later, when the same Buldickie began to go down on Red Chute, ostensibly to hunt rabbits, they laughed, and they laughed when Brother got to coming to Mamie T.'s when Buldickie was at Red Chute.

It happened to us

WHEN I married Jim, he was the healthiest man I ever knew. Positively nothing upset him. Nothing upsets him now. But there was a time when coffee most certainly did.

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Born to Sing

Continued from page 9

audience which filled every seat. I don't think Mr. Hudson's opera house could have contained eight hundred people standing shoulder to shoulder.

So, waving a gay thanks to my adoring support which I had assembled in the wings to watch me in my début, I motioned to the stagehands that I, the great Madame Something-or-other, was ready. Now if my memory is accurate I believe that all this happened very soon after the curtain of Mr. Hudson's opera house had surrendered to time and the elements and had fallen apart. I remember quite vividly Mr. Hudson bargaining with a barnstorming manager for the purchase of a drop for which the latter's show had no immediate need and which would serve until the box office should produce enough profit to buy another curtain in Chicago. At any rate, the curtain rose for me at my signal to the stagehands and I advanced to the front of the stage, bowing to the thunderous applause which rolled in upon me from my noble audience and the great orchestra which was proud to play for such superb talent.

An Unsatisfactory Début

They were the days when I could have conjured the din of war out of the swift scamper of rats and the sliding whisper of wind-tossed paper. Those were the days (and they survived, thank God, for many years) when I could not cross a rubbish-littered street nor dodge into a malodorous alley without bumping into a few princes and dukes, or at least several elegant gentlemen in silk hats and swallow-tail coats.

A few wild leaps of music from my orchestra and I was off on my first stage appearance. With a majestic sweep of my hand I cast off my yoke of shoes and stockings and, with my arms outstretched to gather my audience to my heart, I sang. The song was Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far. I had learned it from an elder sister—Mary—who was to be one of the world's most beautiful women. But I had the voice.

Perhaps Mr. Hudson was within earshot. Or maybe a passer-by heard my song and hastened to tell him. Anyway, the listeners, whom only I could see, were denied the encore that I was saving for them—Killarney—because, with tears in his voice and a dreadful hammering of his wooden leg, he came roaring into his opera house. My début was over; I don't pretend to remember what he said or what he threatened to do. I recall that in his hand he held a light stick and that in his face there was determination. I scooped my shoes and stockings out of the dust and litter and the glorious diva who but a moment before was simply devastating a royal audience took a running jump at a horizontal pipe, caught it, swung herself monkey-like far out over the orchestra pit, dropped to her feet and ran for her life. And as I ran I heard Mr. Hudson exhorting me to "gwan home and stay home" and who did I think I was anyway, Jenny Lind or somebody? Anyway, keep out of his opera house.

That, I imagine, must have concluded my musical program for the day unless, as we often did, my mother and I, snuggled close together in bed to defeat the cold, sang ourselves to sleep. But the next morning I was at it again, singing in the streets of Kansas City—in front of saloons, stores, private houses, livery stables, hotels, anywhere. Sometimes they threw pennies to me, not that it mattered. If they didn't pay me it would be quite all right with me as long as they let me sing. Alas, it was always to be like that. As long as there were places to sing, audiences to applaud, critics to approve, I sang for dollars, for pennies, for love. But whatever the reward, I sang.

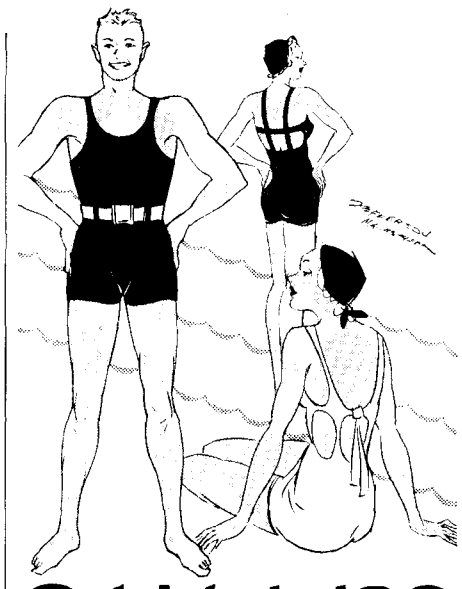
But thus was I at the age of eight, singing in the streets. Probably I became something of a nuisance to more than Mel Hudson; but who of my years could know that? It never occurred to me that there was anything for me to do but sing. What estate a man might occupy meant nothing to me if by any chance he asked me to sing more. Thus one day when my stage was the sidewalk in front of a saloon, a wreck who to me was "sick" came stumbling out, propelled by the barkeep's strong bare arms. One of his drunken lurches almost carried me with him to the street. I don't know what I was singing—perhaps Bonnie Sweet Bessie—but I did not falter; and my sorrow for the bleary derelict was so overwhelming that I wasn't afraid; and as he sat heavily upon the curb, I turned my face from the saloon's doors to him. I kept right on with my song and presently was sitting there beside him, weeping freely with him and singing through my tears while he mumbled forth his misery. Things like that.

And it seems to me that I was quite as pleased with him for an audience as I was with the proper gathering in the Victorian walnut and horsehair parlor of the great house of Jacob Dold, the meat packer. There was a children's party at Jacob Dold's, given probably in honor of a little Dold's birthday—I'm not sure. However it was, I was the surprise element. As all houses were, in my estimation, places to sing to, I sang one afternoon in front of Mr. Dold's club. I was ordered off by a doorman whose livery was so romantic that I sang to him from the opposite side of the street after the chase; but Mr. Dold had seen and heard. Accordingly, on the following day I had my first carriage ride behind proper horses, and on my way to the Dold mansion the carriage became a chariot, and two stately bays six noble whites with silver collars and flowers on their crests. And I—I of course was the beautiful Madame Thus-and-so being carried in triumph through streets lined with frantic multitudes.

A Youngster's Day of Days

That, believe me, was a day of days. Naturally some of the details refuse to be summoned, but some lady—perhaps Mrs. Dold—took me in her arms at the door, led me upstairs and put a muslin dress on me. Then, downstairs again, when they had huddled around to listen to "the child who sings in the streets," she sat at the piano and told me to sing what I knew. Poor lady, she didn't realize. Sing what I knew? Why, I knew a dozen songs. A score perhaps.

Happy? Why, here in a mansion (which had at once become a marble palace with golden doors) they had asked me to sing what I knew. Which meant to me *all* that I knew. I sang until she gently stopped me—Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far, Killarney, Bonnie Sweet Bessie, Comin' Through the Rye, Home, Sweet Home, The Low-Back Car—and promised to continue indefinitely. Whether or not I got paid for it, I don't remember. Possibly something was sent to my mother, who was doing her gallant best to support



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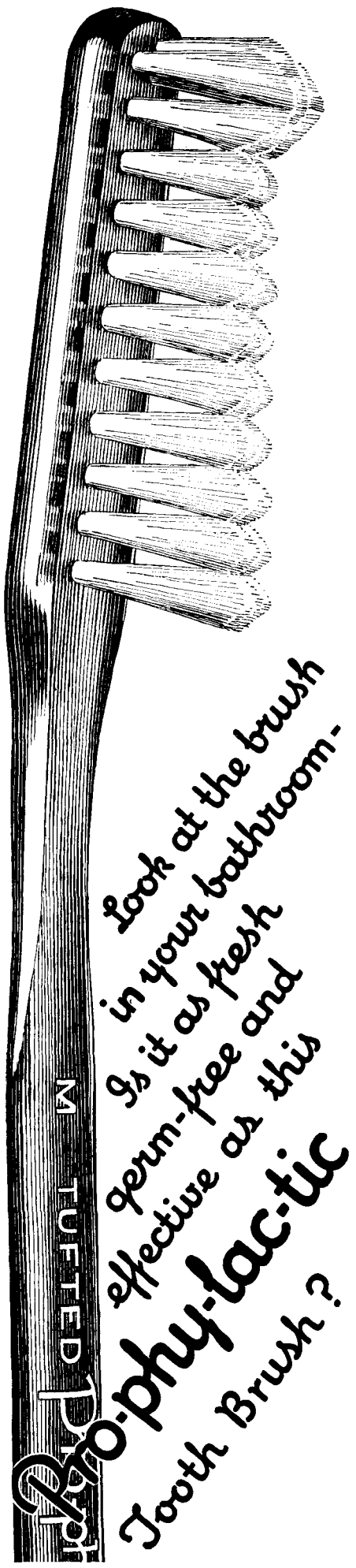

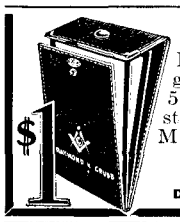

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us on the nine dollars she received every Saturday night from a department store.

And I do not recall being decently impressed with one of the direct results of that afternoon's recital. I must have stayed at the Dold mansion until the party broke up, because I remember that carriages arrived to carry the youngsters home and that one of them went far out of its way to deposit me on my own doorstep where, out of sheer triumph, I announced myself to my mother by singing a song she hadn't taught me.

Whose carriage it was does not come to me now, but on the following day we —my mother and I—were called upon by so important and impressive a gentleman as Congressman Dougherty, who, after a few well-chosen remarks about Kansas City, its talented sons and daughters and other features of such an unusually meritorious municipality, asked that I be lent to him and his wife for a week or ten days.

Borrowed by a Congressman

With spacious deliberation the kind gentleman set forth his plan. The beautiful Frances Folsom Cleveland, wife of the President of the United States, was giving a garden party to the children of Washington. It was to be a wholly juvenile affair, the guests, entertainers and so on all to be youngsters. Talented juveniles from various states were being escorted to Washington to be exhibited for the edification of the assembled throng and the glory of their native cities. Now had anybody of smaller importance than a congressman broached the plan, I'm sure Mother would have refused; as it was, she was near to collapse with excitement and misgivings. As for myself, I was quite willing to go anywhere at any time and with anybody merely for the opportunity to sing for somebody. I hadn't the most remote idea where Washington was or how one got there, but I would gladly have taken Congressman Dougherty's hand and started to walk there had he suggested it. Even so, I was not tremendously impressed. A song was a song, whether for a President or a driver for the Great Western Transfer and Delivery Company. Let us be going and when shall I start singing?

All of which is why I do not retain more than a hazy memory of Mrs. Cleveland's lovely party on the White House lawn. I was just past nine years old. Such an egotist was I that I remember very little of the others except that Mrs. Cleveland herself led us by the hand to the platform and that I, ignoring her and the orchestra (or was it just a piano?), proceeded to sing my songs of the Kansas City streets. Of course I would remember that Mrs. Dougherty on the train to Washington made me a pink dress with a sash so wide and a bow so enormous that the effect must have been that of a very small child pinned to a vast ribbon exhibit.

And it comes to me, too, that I was thoroughly snubbed by another child prodigy who had played the piano—Silver Fountain Polka or some such tinkle. Resuming my seat after what seemed to me to be nothing short of an international triumph, I asked the little girl how I had done. She turned to me airily, her nose tilted several degrees steeper than nature had set it and shrilled coldly:

"Oh, you're from Kansas City, aren't you?"

Years later I told this to Nellie Melba, who recalled how she had suffered once when, as a child in school in Melbourne, Australia, she had sung in a school entertainment, competing with the other children for a prize. As you probably know, Melba (born Mitchell) had a natural, phenomenal voice. That voice, as Enrico Caruso put it, came with her. There have been few voices as celestial as hers—so few that we may as well ignore the subject. Her first baby cry must have been musically beautiful, as faithful to pitch as a violin string under the Kreisler fingers. So of course the school prize was hers without a struggle. Proud of the awed applause of her elders, Melba asked her favorite girl playmate, the little girl who shared her desk and who lived next door, how she had done.

"How did you like it?" whispered Melba.

"Oh, Nellie Mitchell," sniffed her best friend, who too had sung, "I—saw—your—drawers."

Something about my mother: She was born in Boston, Sarah Kilroy, in the house where General Warren of Revolutionary renown was shot. That house, like so many of us, has passed through all the fires and frosts of fortune. Now, having been rescued by patriots, it has become a museum which you must pay to inspect. Had she been born in Cork or Limerick my mother could not have been a hotter Irish Nationalist. Instead of Mother Goose or Kate Greenaway I learned the legends of the Dark Rosaleen, the Blind Raftery, Finn MacCumhaill, Deirdre, The O'Neill and Art MacMurrough and the bold heroisms of Wolfe Tone, Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmet. And such lessons would always conclude with the story of Grandmother Brigid—Mother's grandmother—who had been exiled by the British to Van Diemen's Land for wearing a green petticoat, no less.

Ivarius Nielsen, Child of Fortune

The Kilroy family seems numerically and financially to have been much like the Nielsen brood—too large and too small. So Mother was sent to Joliet, Illinois, to be reared by her aunt Kiary, another militant Irish Republican, who sent her off with her own daughter, Rosanna, to St. Mary's School at Notre Dame in South Bend.

Whatever plans Mother had dreamed for herself—and you may understand her complex self better when you know that she was torn between entering a convent and taking the lecture platform for the Clan-na-Gael to exhort the world's freemen to succor Ireland—whatever plans she may have fondled went a-glimmering when she was nineteen. For it was at that burgeoning age that she met a Dane named Erasmus Ivarius Nielsen, a solemn child of whatever fortune Heaven sent. He was a poet who left no verses behind him. He was a minstrel who would play the violin if you had one, or a 'cello if he met one; and sing as he played—sing songs that neither you nor he had ever heard before because he made them up without rhyme or meter or theme as he sang. For a livelihood he was a carpenter, a ditch digger, a contractor's laborer, a nonchalant worker of the world who would take any job you might offer, first offered, first taken, with no thought from him whether he could do the work. He was a man who dropped everything to fly to the greatest and latest furor. If he were to be asked how, with all his dreaming and inconstancy, he might expect to provide for an ever-increasing family, he would reply that he was not presumptuous enough to contest with nature and fate. Of his antecedents I know very little except that his father, a Protestant clergyman in Aarhus, Denmark, had sought with fierce punishments to change the nature of a boy who was born to wander and sing and play but

(Continued on page 46)

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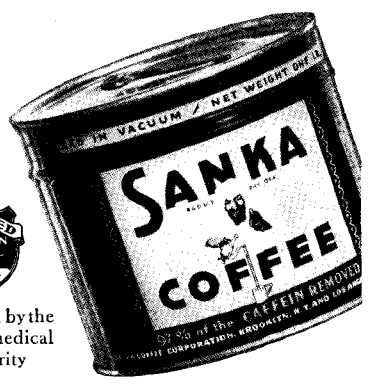

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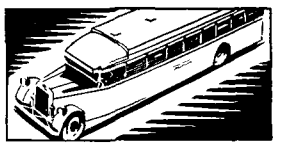

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(*Continued from page 45*)

not to pray. So, as soon as he was able, this boy—my father—stowed away on a brig that eventually gave him to America.

Two Men in the Moon

Small as is my memory of him, he is worth all that I can set down about him. He would tell me lovely stories about the moon, particularly about the man in the moon, of whom he spoke so familiarly that I asked what the gentleman's name might be.

"Oh, the reason I know him so well," said he, "is because he is my father."

"It is too bad you are so far away from him," said I.

"I can wait," he replied. "When I die I shall join him and then there will be two of us up there and it may not be good for the world either, because we will never agree and the heat of our argument may darken the moon, if not set it on fire."

Which was why, after his death, I ran in terror to my mother because I could see but one man in the moon—the old familiar face.

"Our father is lost," I wept. "There is only one man there—the same one—his father."

"Your father," said Mother, "was always a great one to wander. It would take him a year to do a day's travel. Don't worry, acushla; dear knows he may be there this minute but hiding around on the other side of the moon to be contrary."

I told this story, years later, to Nelle Richmond Eberhart, who wrote so many beautiful lyrics for Charles Wakefield Cadman, or, if you choose, whose lyrics were set to music by him. At once they collaborated upon it and out of it came one of Cadman's loveliest songs.

Father enlisted in the Union Army in 1861, and the debonair gods whose child he was protected him until he sauntered into the battle of Peach Tree Creek—one of the last actions of the war. And there he was shot through the lungs and one arm. The arm became paralyzed and it was thus, a cripple, but a light-hearted one, that I knew him, because I was born in the middle seventies (I'm not so certain of the date as I might be had fire not destroyed the records) in Nashville, Tennessee, whither Father had wandered to find work that his dying lungs and impotent arm could manage. He died in 1879 or '80, leaving my mother a legacy of five children and a pension of twelve dollars a month.

Now the action shifts to Kansas City, whither my mother went, taking the hungry flock of us with her when friends told her that she could find work there. And where, as I have told you, I was to sing in the streets to drunken men and parsons, to the rich and the poor, for pennies or love. Where, too, I was to be poor Mr. Hudson's pig-tailed and barefooted cross.

Miss Nielsen will continue her story in next week's Collier's.

But the Dead Don't Vote

Continued from page 11

at Philadelphia. Since then the lad who died at the Marne in 1918 has surrendered priority to the August recruit who sprained his wrist throwing baseballs at the county fair in 1928. Since then the dependents of the boy who had his head blown off fording the Vesle River have given way to the survivors of the broker's clerk who was killed by a taxi in 1930. Since then the veteran has become a political appendage. He has been professionalized. Under the goading tongues of the lobbyist and the politicians who need him, he has dwindled to saddening dimensions. Just a hint of what has happened to him is seen in the results of a questionnaire sent out last year by General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans Affairs.

It was sent forth to all veterans drawing compensation from the government with a view to registering their desires for such work as they might be able to perform. To the chagrin of the General the attempt was a melancholy failure.

A little investigation revealed that the bounty beneficiaries were suspicious that the questions were a part of a scheme to reduce their allotments. Going into the matter a little farther, it was discovered that this opinion had its origin largely in the offices of a law firm that has risen from a shabby one-room-over-a-store enterprise to an opulent walnut-paneled suite in the city's most expensive commercial building. The rise of this firm was due to a business that Congress has made legal although evil-smelling—a racket really.

This firm is one of a growing number throughout the country that specialize in the veterans' compensation laws. Some of them are doubtlessly ethical. It just happens that this one does not subscribe to all the ideals espoused by the American Bar Association. We lack the space to do the subject justice but we may cite a sample procedure of this particular legal alliance:

Every so often it sends form letters to veterans who either are or may one day be eligible for compensation, and solicits their business. Should the veteran avail himself of the proffered help, the lawyers take up his case with the Veterans Administration, being careful to withhold from the board the testimony of two or more witnesses who are essential to the complete story. If the board grants the petition without hearing these witnesses (of whose existence the board has no knowledge), well and good. However, this is not the lawyer's hope.

The Hidden-Witness Racket

Under one of the numerous random laws that form the patchwork under which the veteran operates, the veteran has the right to sue the Government of the United States. Therefore, when the Veterans Administration rejects the application, the lawyer marches into court, accompanied by his ace-in-the-hole witnesses, and in the vast majority of instances reverses the board's ruling.

Under another law the lawyer is entitled to ten per cent of whatever he wins for the veteran. Therefore, if the veteran is awarded a hundred dollars a month, the lawyer takes ten dollars of it every month. In addition, he has charged the veteran anywhere from a hundred to two hundred dollars for going into court, the veteran being as much mystified by the hidden-witness strategy as the Veterans Bureau was. In a large number of cases the lawyer charges the veteran even more than two hundred dollars. Of course the veteran hasn't the cash to pay for it, but he pays it in monthly installments—out of his allowance from the government. If you have a couple of hundred veterans on

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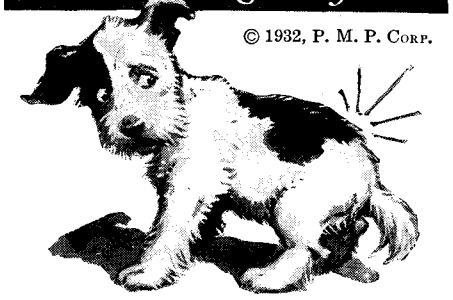

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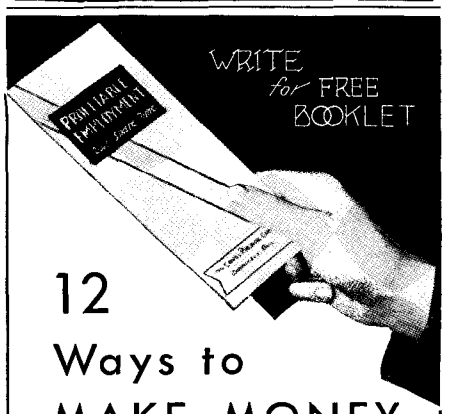

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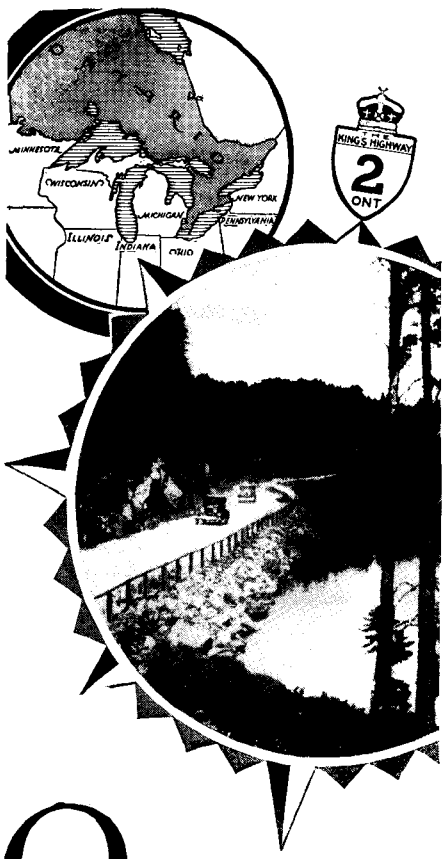

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your list you get somewhere. There are firms that have five hundred.

Even so, most of these lawyers are not wholly satisfied. Congress is being assailed daily with letters from them praying, even demanding, that the lawyer's fee be raised to twenty and twenty-five per cent. The veteran, they complain, is a most difficult client and a paltry ten per cent of the relatively small sum he receives, after all the legal labor involved, is—well, un-American, to say the least. Curiously, Congress has not yet acceded to these professional demands.

Our Cowering Congressmen

In the interests of the increasing national desire to return to a simpler, a less complicated political scheme, it might be well to pay the two billion four hundred million at once and strike a bargain while doing it. If the government could pay the bonus with the understanding that the settlement wrote an end to the controversy, that would be good business—for the government.

Unfortunately, such an agreement would be almost impossible to make. The government is hardly in a position to bargain. A Congress long past incurred the obligation for a future Congress to discharge. It was politically expedient to promise the money in 1924, and now it seems to a large number of congressmen—to whom, like the rest of us, a job is a job, particularly a ten-thousand-dollar one—that it is politically expedient to give it.

A horrid fear of the veteran vote haunts the general congressional heart just as it did after the Civil War when the G. A. R. took over the entire government, making Washington an Old Soldiers' Home. This fear crushes the congressional spirit just as the Anti-Saloon frown did a short time ago. And the methods of the lobbies maintained by the veterans in Washington are so similar to those practiced by the Anti-Saloon League under that genius, Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, that the chief difference between them is that one enjoys drinking and the other does not.

However, a change of spirit is noticeable on Capitol Hill. Like the prohibition hobgoblin, the veteran bugaboo has never been subjected to a country-wide test. The representatives of the veteran still assure you that he can defeat any party that ignores him in its national platform and the party managers, eager to avoid tests of any sort, have chosen to take his word for it. Unhappily, the party leaders have now reached a point where they haven't the money to pay for what they are afraid to refuse.

Therefore, it is extremely unlikely that such bargaining will reach even the consideration stage. If times were normal, if unemployment were no greater than it is in unconfused eras, it is almost certain that the subject of bonus payments would be approached in an orderly fashion and subjected to a little cold logic; but here we are in a Presidential-election year, with both parties striving somewhat ingloriously to sweeten themselves in the popular mind.

The contention that two billion four hundred million dollars spread evenly, if thinly, over the land would revive prosperity is compelling upon the political ear, even if untrue. And many of the members of Congress who propose to vote for the bonus in the name of prosperity know it. I have talked to several such. They agree that the bonus money would not remain in public circulation much longer than a snowball would survive in Satan's hip pocket and that it would almost immediately come to rest in the dark vaults of the banks—the very institutions that these bonus donors execrate as hoarders, Shylocks and stringency promoters. But for personal reasons they would vote for it that they might go before their people and say, "I did my best."

There was very little doubt from the beginning that the bonus would be paid in full before 1945. When Congress ordered that the veteran should be permitted to borrow half of his bonus, it was a conceded thing that the rest of it would be forthcoming within a year or two. This borrowing order was issued in the name of the depression, too. It was warranted to restore prosperity. It had as much effect upon business conditions as a handful of sand upon an oil-tank fire.

Of the 4,277,000 surviving veterans, 3,926,630 have received bonus certificates. Among those who have not applied are that considerable number who, drafted into service within sixty days before the Armistice, could claim no more than fifty dollars. They were paid in cash when the bonus bill was adopted in 1924. There are still a certain number of conscientious objectors to the bonus who have never applied. And there are a few who are not eligible.

But to date the veterans have borrowed $1,247,790,110. Only a few have made any serious gesture toward paying the government the four and a half per cent the loans are supposed to carry. True or untrue, the inevitable reason given (when any is offered) is that the borrowing veteran is financially unable to pay. And while the government may do a number of silly things, it has not departed from sanity so far as to sue a World War veteran for unpaid interest.

Thus, morally secure from legal action for his failure to meet an obligation that should never have been imposed, the veteran through his representatives wants to know whether the government has so far forgotten his heroic services in its hour of trial as to deprive him of the unborrowed balance of his bonus. And anybody who imagines that the government is going to get off by paying these borrowers five hundred dollars apiece instead of the thousand (the average bonus) it promised in 1924 is a goggle-eyed lunatic. The government won't. It shouldn't be permitted to try.

The Best Is Yet to Come

The situation is wholly the government's fault. Congress chose to pursue a vague, wobbly, opportunistic course in its treatment of the veterans who returned from Europe asking nothing more than liberal treatment of the wounded and the dependents of the dead. And now Congress hopes to defeat its own creation.

So why should the veteran bargain? To do so would be to repudiate the program written for him by his leaders. After the bonus is wiped off the books and the interest on loans rebated or abandoned, he will demand the old reliable pension—the monthly dole that the War Risk Insurance of 1917 was designed to forestall. And he will probably get it. We already have the pension in operation for veterans of the World War. All one has to do to win it is to demonstrate to the Veterans Administration or to a court that you are not feeling as spry as you did when demobilized.

The only requirement made by the government is that you, a veteran, be at least "twenty-five per cent disabled" from whatever cause you may have to offer. Which is why we have members of the stock exchanges in Chicago, New York and elsewhere drawing various sums from the treasury because, in

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

their frantic efforts to halt the wild decline of securities in 1929 and 1930, they lost their voices or minds and can no longer compete with the bawling traders on the floors. And why men with incomes of ten thousand dollars and more—much more—accept assistance from the treasury because disordered digestive systems prevent them from making much larger incomes.

But such pensions do not go far enough. The ideal bill makes no discrimination between the sick or disabled veteran and the veteran who happens by good fortune not to be incapacitated temporarily or permanently or in any degree. This ideal bill would grant to every veteran, whatever his condition or estate, a dollar a day for the remainder of his life. Upon his death, the dole would pass to his nearest dependent—wife, father, mother or child. Such a bill is already in existence. All that it needs is a bit of polishing and then it will be handed to Congress.

The Inevitable Reorganization

It would cost the government taxpayer only about $4,200,000 a day—approximately one billion, five hundred and thirty-three million dollars a year. Which, added to the billion that the Veterans Administration will dispense in its regular course, aside from this general pension, will not exceed half the government's income—not much, anyway.

Just where the money will be obtained is something for Congress to worry about. The veteran is perfectly willing that Congress increase tax schedules if need be. Or borrow the money. Or just print it. You can't blame the veteran. He is so accustomed to having Congress come across with new presents every year that he takes it for granted that the country enjoys it. And you can't call the veteran ugly names just because he accepts money from the Federal treasury, as the bankers and the railroads do.

It will do you no good to scoff at these plans or to denounce this pension bill as too absurd to become law. Read the laws under which the Veterans Administration disburses a billion, seventy-five million dollars this year and learn how absurd such laws can be if the authors put their hearts into their work. Read the Emergency Officers law. Then look over the list of the beneficiaries. You may not feel wholly sympathetic toward the ex-enlisted men, but the officer situation is apt to ruin your day.

The inevitable desire of the government to replace the crazy pinwheel under which the Veterans Administration functions with an orderly code of just laws which will give preference to the war-disabled and their dependents and withdraw vote-catching patronage from the able-bodied is now in evidence in Washington. A reorganization is more than probable. It is inevitable.

The lower halls and reception-rooms of the Veterans Administration building in Washington are excellent places to be convinced. Stay there long enough and you may witness a suicide or two. There have been several wild-eyed, incoherent men who came demanding that the government cease robbing them of "their due." Men who are outside the compensation laws and who, when rejected again, attack the reception clerks or give terrific battle to the numerous uniformed guards that pace the foyer.

Before these guards were doubled in numbers and in the days when a visitor might enter the building as freely as he might visit the Department of Agriculture, assaults and attempted assaults upon the bureau's officials were becoming common. One veteran, who wasn't quite sure what he wanted or why (except that he had worn the uniform), smashed a glass paperweight in General Hines' face. Another one, gun in hand, threw the place in an uproar by pursuing a terror-stricken clerk through the corridors, screaming that she was his guardian and was withholding his money. Amid such scenes would be an excellent place for congressional committees to consider the veteran whom they have all but canonized for political reasons and because they let themselves be steeped in fuzzy-minded sentimentality.

They and his lobbyists have done everything but bathe and shave him. They taught him to expect to be supported for the rest of his life whether he was a hero or a gold-bricker, a machine gunner or a S. O. S. general's dog-robber. And now, because he refuses to relinquish what they have told him a thousand times was his right, they ask him not to be a panhandler.

Poor old Buddy. He probably knows by this time that he is not the first consideration of a large number of those local and national politicians who are insisting that his bonus be paid in full. If he doesn't, he soon will. Probably they've bogged down his spirit until he no longer cares. Anyway, not only his representatives in Congress but millions of his neighbors have enlisted in the fierce demand for those two billion, four hundred million dollars because the money the veteran would receive will immediately go to salve the financial wounds of merchants and financiers who are just outside the radius of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In other words, the veteran will be regarded as the financial reconstructionist of smaller business and his champions have been quick to cite the state by state and city by city apportionment of the bonus money.

No Rest for the Taxpayer

By way of a parting survey of the absurdity that Congress has created (and is now trying to blame the veteran for), let's mull over this:

Between July 1, 1932, and June 30, 1933, we are obliged to turn over to less than one per cent of our population—1,102,814 persons who were on the monthly compensation pay rolls of the Veterans Administration on January 1, 1931—a quarter of the Federal income. The sum is $1,072,064,527. In addition, the veterans holding bonus certificates—about 3,900,000 of them—demand the immediate payment of the unborrowed remainder of those adjusted compensation certificates granted by Congress in 1924 to mature in 1945—a mere $2,390,843,950. The veteran has already borrowed $1,247,785,108.

Add these two husky bonus sums together and you will have the total face value of the outstanding certificates. With more to come. And just to pile it on a bit, you are assured by the government's own accountants that before the final World War benefit has been paid under the present laws we shall have handed the veteran one hundred billion dollars. So spit on your hands, taxpayers. You have a lot of digging to do.

And don't try to draw solace from a dream that you are paying the money to men who fell wounded in battle or to the dependents of those who died in uniform. A man disabled in action overseas draws an average of thirty-nine dollars a month. A veteran disabled by disease or injury contracted or incurred since the war gets an average of forty-nine. And those who were dependent upon men who died fighting are required to get along on an average of eighteen. But of course dead men don't vote. Nor pay dues.

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Paraguay the primitive Guatoan Indians cultivate a species of palm tree which is thought to be the only complete liquor-producing plant in existence. Its sap drops into little cups and ferments into a highly intoxicating beverage.

On the highest point of Brocken Mountain in Germany, the sun when low will cast a gigantic shadow of the figure of a person on a bank of clouds many miles away.

The palolo, a strange marine worm, severs its head from its body when full of eggs each autumn. The body floats to the surface, bursts and discharges the eggs in a shower. The head then starts the development of a new body for the coming season.—*By Isabelle Dussault, New York City.*

Punishment trends: Germany allows a certain grade of prisoner to go home for several days at a time; and Moscow prisoners are employed for union hours and at wages, pay for their own keep and get a two weeks' vacation each year.

In France today, the birth of a baby cannot be registered in the civil records unless his Christian name has been selected from the official list of names—chosen from those of saints and famous personages—which is issued from time to time by the government.

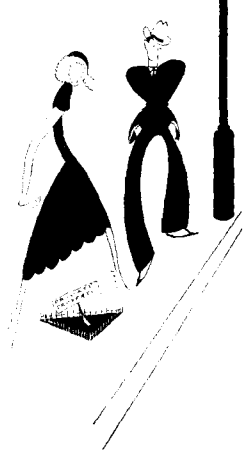
One of the strangest eyelids in the world is possessed by the cuckoo ray, a rare fish. This lid is round, has a fancy fringe and is located *inside* the eye itself between the cornea and the pupil.

Suicide in England, without clear evidence of insanity, is considered a felony and all property left is taken by the state. The body is also deprived of Christian rites and must be buried between 9 P. M. and 12 midnight. —*By Charles Fink, Windsor, Ontario.*

Today's great ocean liners do not hold the world's record for passenger capacity. The Great Eastern—built about 75 years ago—could carry 4,000 passengers, or 60 per cent more than the present Leviathan.

The broadcasting industry today is paying more than $75,000 a week for the privilege of using copyrighted numbers.

One of the smallest pieces of private property in the world is located in the middle of the sidewalk at Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street in New York City. Triangular in shape, it contains about a square foot of space and is designated by a tile marker.—*By Nessa Ordinger, New York City.*



When our second-class postal rate to foreign countries was increased April 1st, hundreds of packages of newspapers with insufficient postage and no return address were sent to the Dead Letter Office. Concealed merchandise was found in 30 per cent of them. —*By A. M. Crossley, Princeton, New Jersey.*

Mexico no longer charges for automobile license plates; England's railroad stations are going back to the "picture" sign which can be understood by all nationalities; and Italy now has three-decker motor busses with dog and smoking compartments.

The effects of very short sound waves passed through a strong beam of light can be seen against a white background—due to the condensation of air and its resultant refraction of the light.—*By M. A. Moakler, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

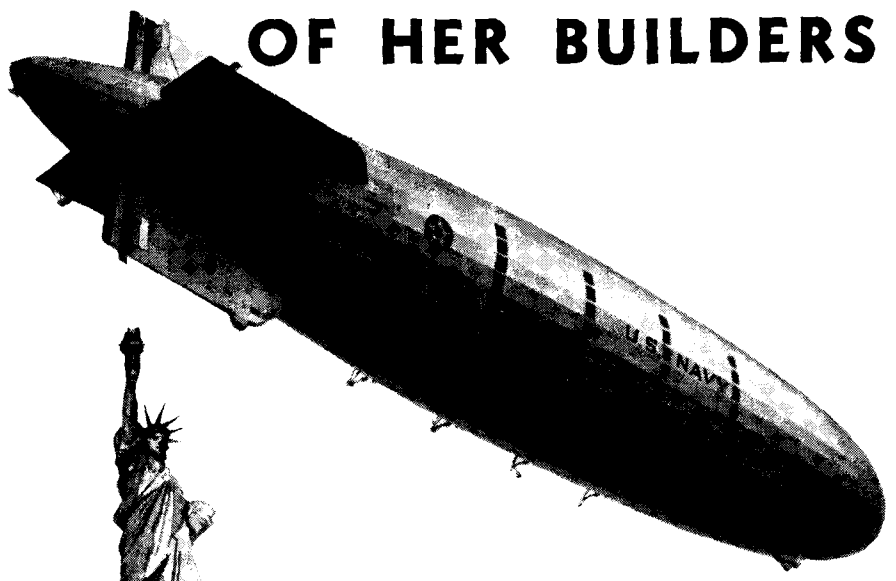
Two smart Hollywood boys now are selling to tourists the empty envelopes which formerly contained film fan mail. Prices mount to $1 for envelopes addressed to the famous woman stars.

Throughout Central India today, thousands of "cow contribution boxes" are hung in conspicuous places with placards appealing to Hindus for donations with which to support this sacred animal.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by positive proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City

PRIDE

OF HER BUILDERS



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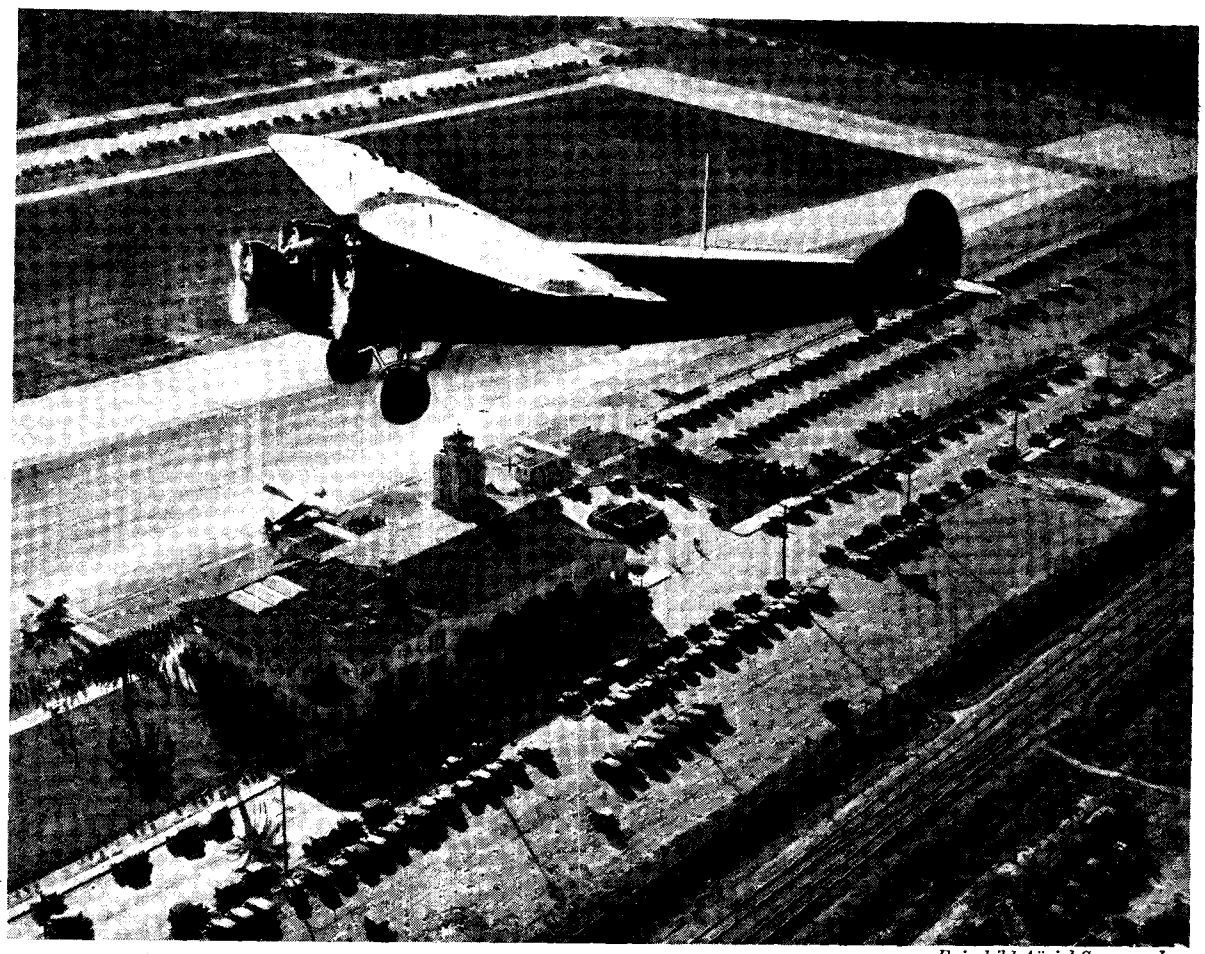
Take an Air Trip



Fairchild Aërial Surveys, Inc.

An aerial view of the airport at Glendale, California

IF YOU have not been up lately, take a ride in an airplane. It will stir your imagination and stimulate you to cheerful thoughts. There is tonic in the air.

Don't, of course, risk your neck with some unlicensed flyer who is barnstorming around. A good pilot will not object to showing you his license. On the contrary, he will display it with pride. Look for the letter "C" on any gypsy plane you may think of entering. That letter means the government has approved the plane for passengers. It is not necessary to take excessive chances.

American transport planes are now flying on an average of 150,000 miles a day. Wherever you are, you can go somewhere else by plane, and you can travel safely and cheaply.

You can discover no finer illustration of men's power to do difficult things well. There are men who have flown a million miles without injuring a passenger or losing a letter. That is equivalent to circling the earth forty times without a mishap, a sizable achievement in any kind of vehicle.

If, then, you travel in one of the licensed airlines you won't be incurring much greater dangers than most active young people experience in many sports and games.

The things which make it safe to fly show human nature at its best. First of all, there is the skill of the pilot. What a breed of men they are!

The man who is allowed to handle a transport plane has native qualities and has undergone training which set him apart even in our new aristocracy of competent technicians.

The lean man sitting there at the controls showed character, courage, sound judgment and great dexterity before he was ever allowed to enter the service. He has been tested by emergencies and found fit.

The flight of a bird is the most graceful motion in the world and only second to it is the skill of the pilot in handling an airplane. Watch your pilot as he takes off and as he lands, observe his navigation when the air is a bit rough. Inspiring, isn't it, to see such control, such knowledge of the air? What birds know by instinct men are learning with their heads and hands. No reason for discouragement there!

Yet behind the smooth performances of these cool and alert young men is a gorgeous example of successful coöperation. The plane itself is a miraculous thing. A new science of the air has been developed since the Wright brothers made that pioneer demonstration at Kitty Hawk only twenty-eight years ago. To most of those who lived before the Wrights, the air signified nothing. Something to fall through if you dropped off a high place. Today's pilot thinks of the air as the sailor thinks of the sea, something buoyant to travel on if you know how.

With the best of planes, the most resourceful of pilots and the finest kind of scientific research, you would still not travel if the government had not done its part.

Today there are some 30,000 miles of domestic airways. More than 19,500 miles are lighted by night. The lighthouse service, which had its beginnings forty years before our American Revolution, watches over the beacons. The Department of Commerce examines, tests and licenses planes and pilots. Airports are surveyed and made to conform to national standards before they are recognized.

The Weather Bureau provides special reports on flying conditions. Radio beacons are available for foggy days. In endless ways the government is coöperating to make your trip safe and pleasant.

It is thrilling to recall, as the motor roars and you go rushing across the fields, that all this has happened in about a quarter of a century. Actually the enormous progress has come within the last five years. Organized air passenger transport is, in fact, hardly more than two years old.

You look about, and as the country unfolds below you get a new idea of the possibilities of the future. What seems disorganized and confused arranges itself in exciting patterns as you fly along. Farms with alternating green fields and plowed lands exhibit a neatness of design and a reasonableness of purpose you would never have guessed from listening to a debate on the agricultural problem.

Distance gives perspective and the moving picture you see below fires your imagination. The long ribbons which are roads or rivers or railroads, the crawling dark spots which are automobiles, the neat little doll houses which are homes, the collection of buildings into villages and cities tell a story of long effort of thought and of triumph over difficulties.

If your mind ranges no further than a treasurer's report, you may find that the airplane industry is like other industries, and not depression-proof. But if you can think of yesterday and tomorrow as well as of today, go aloft in an airplane. Between here and there you may see things and think thoughts which will prove useful to the business at hand. And even if you think of nothing, you will have had a very good time.

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Illustrating Morocco Eversharp Doric Pen and Pencil set $12.50 (formerly 15.00)

"Which would you rather have?" we asked. "Please choose one pen."

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They know, too, that the Eversharp Doric is sure to fit the hand of its owner. Different hands require different points for comfortable writing. So Eversharp, and only Eversharp, offers the interchangeable point. If the point of the Eversharp Doric you buy, or receive as a gift, doesn't suit your hand exactly, then any Eversharp dealer will change that point in two minutes. No annoying delay. Only Eversharp offers this convenience—this absolute assurance that your pen will suit your hand.

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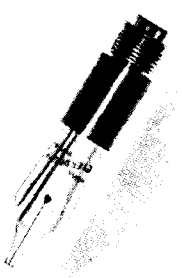

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